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PEACE will be made upon the basis of the principles of President Wilson, unless the German people are so mad or so impotent as to permit the Junkers and generals to reject the armistice terms that will be laid down by Foch. How great a triumph this means for President Wilson will not be fully appreciated until historians have had time to gauge the immense body of punitive sentiment throughout the Allied world that has been held in check by President Wilson's diplomacy. In 1870 Bismarck, for all his iron resolution, was not able to control the militaristic and imperialistic forces bent upon plundering a fallen antagonist. He accepted a punitive peace, although he knew that it would jeopardize the imperial structure to which he had devoted his life. The forces which have opposed President Wilson's peace policy are the more formidable because they are international. They are the more formidable also because they have in the plain fact of German aggression and in Germany's brutal methods of warfare a plausible case for a policy of annihilation. Yet they have been conclusively defeated. Subject to qualifications that President Wilson and every other fair-minded man accepts readily, all the Powers associated with the United States against Germany "declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's address to Congress of January, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses."

THE qualifications introduced by the Allies relate to the freedom of the seas and to the question of reparative indemnities. As to the first point, it has always been clear that the meaning to be given to "the freedom of the seas" must depend upon the scope and powers of the League of Nations. No Allied nation is to be diminished in its power of self-defense until it is made evident that its safety will be fully protected under the League. The Allied governments were therefore justified in insisting that this question remain open. They were equally justified in insisting that the question of reparation should be closed. It has always been a principle of Prussian military policy to wage war in enemy territory, in order that all the destruction of civil property incident to military operations may fall upon the enemy. That policy, more than anything else, has accounted for the general acceptance in Germany of the offensive-defensive war. To make sure that the war may be carried on in enemy territories, it is necessary to strike first. For the future peace of the world, it is necessary that it should be demonstrated, once for all, that this policy does not pay. The war makers must pay for destruction on enemy soil, as they would suffer directly by destruction on their own soil. This is not a punitive principle, but a self-evident principle of equity, and of international expediency as well.

IN returning to the Chancellor for immediate publication the law fixing parliamentary responsibility upon the Chancellor, the Kaiser has executed the last formality required in the amend-

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ment of the German Constitution. Therewith autocracy in Germany, as a matter of law, is at an end. As the Kaiser's message puts it, the new order "transfers the fundamental rights of the Kaiser's person to the people." The Kaiser may still say "I decree," "it is my decision." But under the new system it will be the Chancellor, responsible to the Reichstag, that will put into the Kaiser's mouth the words that are to issue authoritatively from it. It seems hardly possible that even in this valedictory of autocracy the Kaiser was permitted to speak his own mind. "Despite all struggles between invested authority and aspiring forces"—would the Kaiser thus have admitted, of his own free will, that his former glory had been maintained by might? Would he have admitted that now for the first time "the German people can claim that no right which may guarantee a free and happy future shall be withheld from them?" If this is really the Kaiser's voice, it evinces a tremendous advance toward humility for one who so recently considered himself not only the wisest of Germans but a direct channel of the Divine will.

WILL the Kaiser abdicate? It is incredible that he would be unwilling to lay down the headship of a state which he has piloted through megalomania to ruin. Abdication appears the only means at his command for salvaging even a fraction of his personal pride. Will he accept the exclusion from the Imperial throne of his son, perhaps of the whole Hohenzollern line? The matter is one that rests with the leaders of the German people. If they want a republic, the Hohenzollerns cannot present an effective opposition. But we may well doubt that political evolution in Germany has advanced to the point of instituting a republic. The forces opposed to a republic include not only the Junkers and all others enjoying aristocratic privileges but many constitutional liberals who see in the Imperial office, subjugated to the Reichstag, an efficient instrument of government, like the British Crown. Germany and all the adjacent European countries will seethe with political unrest for decades after this war. And in such a period all men of conservative habits of mind will be unwilling to dispense with any governmental machinery that makes for order and stability. The democratic Left, to be sure, does not want order and stability until the whole political and social structure has been made over. But the democratic Left is apparently not yet dominant in Germany.

VIEWED in their military aspect, the armistice terms imposed upon Austria-Hungary by General Diaz are harsh, but not more harsh than safety requires. The surrender of submarines and warships is essential to the safe navigation of the Mediterranean. The surrender of half the artillery of the Dual Empire is also nothing more than safety requires. Reduction of the Austro-Hungarian forces to the measure of pre-war effectives leaves to the Dual Empire organized forces sufficient to cope with any anarchistic movements at home. The right to carry on military operations on Austro-Hungarian soil, to use the railways and other instrumentalities of war, accorded to the Allies under the armistice, plainly looks to the possibility of invading Germany through Austria, despite the protest of the Austro-Hungarian government. It is unlikely, however, that the Allies will need to insist upon the point. It is to be observed that there is nothing in the armistice to prejudge the final disposition of the naval and military material surrendered by Austria-Hungary. We may infer that the armistice offered to Germany will be equally neutral in this respect.

THERE is one particular in which the armistice terms may possibly conceal political implications. That is in the definition of territories to be evacuated. They comprise the Trentino, Istria and Dalmatia, including the Adriatic islands. These territories very nearly coincide with those claimed by Italy under the secret treaties. To be sure, they are to be occupied in the name of the Allies as a group, and there is no obvious reason why the Jugo-Slav portion of them should not ultimately be ceded to the Jugo-Slav state. But it is noteworthy that the armistice terms make no demands for evacuation of Bosnia-Herzegovina or any other territories claimed by Serbia. This apparent discrimination may perhaps be explained by a Washington despatch to the Tribune, which points out that the Allied governments are not committed to a united Jugo-Slavia. It is asserted that whether the Croats, Slovenes and Austrian Serbs are to join with their kinsmen in Serbia or remain with Austria-Hungary will depend on a plebiscite. We may infer that in the latter event, the informal Italo-Jugo Slav agreement as to the boundary between the two peoples will lapse. This means that serious difficulties may be expected from this quarter in determining boundaries in the spirit of President Wilson's principles.

WHILE the balance inclines in favor of the Republicans neither of the two parties has reason to feel particularly satisfied with the result of the election. It does not indicate any marked trend in favor of the administration or against it. The President's appeal to the country for support did not save his party from losing control over both houses of Congress, but the Republicans triumph

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by a narrow margin which is an extraordinary fact considering the number of local, class and personal grievances which must have piled up against the administration as the result of its conduct of the war. So far as any indication it affords of the less conscious ferments at work in the mind of the country, the election is worthless. The people of the United States voted in the dark, without any reference to the positive tasks which the new Congress will have to perform or the important issues which it will have to decide. The fact is, of course, that the American nation does not know its own mind. Its traditions, forms of organization and processes of thought are not adjusted to the revolutionary changes which have taken place in the balance of social, industrial and international forces. It is wholly unprepared to deal with the new responsibilities to which it is committed as the consequence of its own acts and the convulsions of the world. The years between this election and the next will form a period of social and political fermentation unprecedented in the history of the country. Its most beneficial result will be educative, but its value as education will be much diminished because the progressives will have to cut out so many obsolete ideas and forms of political and social organization before they can accomplish anything positive and constructive.

IF, as seems probable at this writing, the Republicans control both the House and the Senate, they will possess the power to block all the plans for legislation proposed by the administration. They can make it impossible for the President to carry on the government of the country during a period when wise, strong and responsible government will be more necessary than it was after the Civil War. Peculiarly embarrassing to Mr. Wilson will be the inevitable appointment to the Chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations of his most embittered personal and political opponent, Mr. Roosevelt excepted. It looks, consequently, as if in addition to the other distractions of the next two years, the country will be treated to a fierce and protracted quarrel between the executive and legislative branches of the government similar to that which occurred between President Jackson and a Whig Congress. But there will probably be one important difference between the two cases. We doubt whether all the Democrats will line up on one side of this quarrel and all the Republicans on the other. The two existing parties both contain reactionary and progressive minds, and the pressure for the progressives of both parties to work together and against the reactionaries will be irresistible. The Republican party will include the larger infusion of non-progressives, but if its leadership continues to be as unenlightened and reactionary as it has been recently, it will sacrifice a part of its former following in the western states.

IN so far as the Congressional elections can be construed as a defeat for the President, Mr. Wilson is himself partly to blame. The successful carrying out of his great plan of using American power and American political disinterestedness to bring an improved inter-state organization and a healing peace to Europe demanded an active consent on the part of American public opinion which could not be obtained without public discussion, carried on by popular agencies. Such discussion he deliberately discouraged. The administration in all its branches worked to bring into existence a headstrong condition of popular feeling about the war which was incapable of discrimination and impervious to ideas. The President apparently believed himself capable of directing this tide of feeling into the channels of his own lofty purposes, but at the critical moment he found himself incapable of exercising any effective control over the flood. In allowing the mind of the country to stagnate, he had played into the hands of the incorrigible enemies of his own policy. The illiberality and intolerance of the prevailing popular state of mind provided a fruitful soil for their vindictive and destructive policies. It provided a sterile soil for his constructive and democratic programme. When he finally appealed to the nation for support, he obtained it only in half-hearted measure even from his own party associates. The humane conscience of the country did not respond to his call. It failed him, because the agencies created by his government to control the movements of the popular mind confused acclamation with understanding and uniformity of feeling with intelligent cooperation in the realization of a common policy. The people, in spite of the President's own propaganda, still remain unenlightened and uneducated about the official war aims of the country. The American nation cannot act as a loyal member of a League of Peace until it is subjected to a drastic process of education which until now has scarcely been started.

THE approaching end of the war should make it easier rather than more difficult to raise the $170,500,000 which the organizations for war work are asking of the American people. Never will the American army, either in the cantonments at home or in French camps and billets, be more in need of civilian aid and comfort than during the period of the peace negotiation and, subsequently, of demobilization. During this period the soldiers

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will no longer be fighting and preparing to fight. They will no longer be stimulated by the tonic sense of dangers to be incurred, difficulties to be overcome, of enemies to be defeated and of a great national purpose to be fulfilled. On the contrary, they will feel that their part of their work is accomplished. Pending their return to civil life, they will be in danger of succumbing to the tedium of an idle life in camp away from home and of permitting some relaxation of discipline and morale to take place. Under such conditions, the assistance, the entertainment, the companionship and the care which the Y. M. C. A. and other affiliated societies provide for the army will be peculiarly necessary to its welfare. If the folks at home should fail to respond, it would be a disgraceful desertion by civilians of their fellow citizens in the army at the very moment when the soldier was in more need of civilian help than the civilian was of the soldier's help.

JUST as soon as the armistice is signed, liberals in all the belligerent countries should use all their influence in favor of one essential reform. They should insist upon the immediate abolition of the censorship, in so far as it interferes with the uncorrupted transmission from one country to another of political information and opinions. The censorship of international cables and mail was established originally to prevent the passage of facts of military value to the enemy, but it soon developed into an organ of governmental control of political opinion. The example set by the British government, early in the war, of refusing to allow German books to reach this country has been copied and very much improved upon. Except in a few instances, it has not gone so far as to prevent the circulation in other countries of periodicals hostile to the government, but practically all the cabled news and expressions of opinion are strongly colored by what the governments want the people of other nations to believe about what takes place in their own countries. The newspapers have ceased to be free agencies for the publication of all available facts and for the reflection of all currents of opinion. They have become the agencies which governmental bureaus of propaganda use to mould the popular mind. Whatever excuses may be made for a censorship of this kind in war, it can have no justification in peace. During the interval between the cessation of hostilities and the ratification of peace, the nations will remain legally in a state of war, and the governments will retain their regular war powers, but the nations will actually be engaged in an international discussion of unique importance for the future of all peoples. It is essential that every safeguard should be provided against governmental interference with the freedom of this discussion and governmental control over the gathering and the publication of relevant information.

The Foes of American Unity

THE sharp dissent by the Republican leaders from President Wilson's political management of the war throws a flood of light upon the way in which a group of American citizens, who consider themselves the purest examples of American patriotism, regard the obligation to maintain national unity. The gospel of a united front has, since America entered the European war, been preached, practiced and enforced with an uncompromising rigor unprecedented in the history of a democratic nation. The courts have sentenced men and women to prison for ten or twenty years, not for obstructing the law in any way or for advising other people to obstruct the law, but for expressing opinions which might conceivably impair the moral authority of an essential national enterprise in the minds of the American people. Journals and periodicals, whose editorial policy in the opinion of post-office officials tended to interfere with the confidence felt by public opinion in the government as the agent of a great common political purpose, have been suppressed or threatened with suppression. The utmost social pressure has been brought to bear on every citizen to devote all his energies to the successful prosecution of the war, and the utmost opprobrium visited upon those who held back or rebelled. The dominant opinion of the country sanctioned the use of all available methods of persuasion or coercion which would reenforce the appearance or the reality of national unity.

Yet just when the government of the United States is most in need of a united public support in order to pluck the political fruits of this great effort of the national will, a powerful faction consisting of people who proclaim themselves to be super-patriots deliberately agitate to divide the nation morally against itself. They confront and embarrass the President with embittered, unscrupulous and irreconcilable opposition. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard states the case mildly when he says, " at the very moment when the Administration is making an indispensable effort to unite all the nations who are contending against Germany in a common statement of the object of the war and the inevitable terms of peace, Republican leaders are attempting themselves to dictate the terms of peace which shall be advocated by the responsible bodies of the American people." Nor is that all. They are openly accusing the President of prosecuting the war, of demanding prodigious

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sacrifices of the American people and of shedding the blood of thousands of the best beloved of our fellow-countrymen for the sake of benefiting the German people and presenting them with a political victory. If the accusations of Mr. Roosevelt and the others are true, the President of the United States is treacherously cheating the people of America and Europe out of the fruits of their sufferings and losses. Could the most malevolent pro-German propagandist invent and disseminate a charge which, if true or false, is better calculated to blast to pieces the American nation as a moral unit? Yet it is being uttered by people who were most clamorous a few months ago ruthlessly to stamp out every suspicious and discordant utterance of opinion, and who have denounced all who then differed from them as contemptible disloyalists.

What has the President done to justify the terrible accusation of political treachery and pro-Germanism now being levelled against him by Mr. Roosevelt and others? Nothing, except to act loyally upon an interpretation of political victory in the war, which he delineated with the utmost conceivable clarity and emphasis in his speech recommending the declaration of war against Germany, and which he has reiterated in all his subsequent addresses. From the very beginning he has insisted that the future security and orderly democratic progress of France, Great Britain and America after the war depended on the detachment of the German people from their government and their conversion to democracy. His war politics combined two supplementary aims—that of fighting and destroying the German government, and that of ultimately conciliating and democratizing an emancipated German people. "We have no quarrel with the German people," he said, in his address to Congress of April 2, 1917. "It was not upon their impulse that their government acted on entering this war." Later in the same speech he pledged the American nation to fight "for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included, for the privilege of nations great and small and for the privilege of men everywhere to choose their own way of life and obedience." "We fight without rancor and without selfish object," "not with enmity towards a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government." All his subsequent notes and addresses were no more than a reaffirmation and elaboration of this original statement of the fundamental war aim of the United States. The speech of January 8th, 1918, which contained the fourteen points and that of September 28th last, merely defined some of the more essential conditions, which in the event of military victory would enable the American government to use military chastisement as an agency of human reconciliation and so heal the schism among civilized nations.

The speech of April 2nd, 1917, was received with enthusiastic and unqualified approval by the very people who are now denouncing him as in effect a traitor for attempting to redeem its pledges. Senator Lodge assured the President that he had "expressed in the loftiest manner possible the sentiments of the American people." Colonel George Harvey characterized the speech as "a great message of patriotism evidencing masterful leadership." Mr. Roosevelt expressed himself even more explicitly. "The President's message," he said, "is a great state paper of which Americans in future years will be proud. It now rests with the people of the country to see that we put in *practice the policy the President has outlined* and that we strike as hard, as soon and as effectively as possible in aggressive war against the *Government of Germany.*" We challenge any critic of the President to recall a murmur of protest from the men who are now most violently opposed to the President's policy of ultimate conciliation against that policy when it was first and most explicitly announced. Mr. Roosevelt began some months later to agitate against the making of any distinction between the German people and the German government, to insist that the politics of the war should be infused with vindictive feeling, and should aim to make the German nation powerless rather than free, but until recently he played a lone hand. There was a time when the New York Tribune itself was proclaiming the possible value of negotiating with an emancipated German people to bring about a democratic peace. In an editorial published August 30, 1917, about the President's reply to the Pope, it said: "We may and shall hope that Mr. Wilson's words giving the American purpose will be heard and studied by the German people. We may trust that they will now seek and obtain that liberation from tyranny and from barbaric despotism which will prepare the way for *peace by negotiation.*" Yet when the German people finally paid attention to the President's words and did away with Kaiserism frankly for the purpose of being consulted about their future place in the society of nations, the Tribune stigmatized any proposal to mould the settlement by rules that will be applied equally to friend or foe as a political defeat for America.

In the light of this record the present behavior of the Republican leaders, in condemning the fulfillment of the President's political pledges as "unconditional surrender to Germany," is nothing less

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than an unscrupulous factious attack on the national moral unity. The President has established in the minds of the people here and abroad an invincible association between the prosecution of the war to victory with the whole resources of the American nation, and the attainment, as the result of these sacrifices, of a new birth of popular freedom, secured by international guaranties. He asked them to pay every price for victory, because, as the result of victory, they were to be liberated not only from the German menace, but from the frustrating effects on individual and social life of militarism and power politics in all its manifestations and forms. As long as the fighting lasted, our American advocates of power politics permitted the association to pass unchallenged, but when victory is won and steps are taken to carry out the pledge, they ignore their former consent and do their best to substitute a policy of revenge and nationalist aggression. Their declared object is not to build up democracy in Germany in association with democracy in other countries, but to render German democracy impossible by organizing the world to grind the face of Germany and prevent her moral recovery. If they succeed in carrying the object out, the result of the war will be not a new birth of freedom but a new blight on democracy. The very people, who were most ferociously intolerant of those socialists who protested that the war was not really being fought for purposes as democratic and disinterested as the President proclaimed, are now using all their influence to prove the socialists were right and are condemning as pro-German those who are working to prove the socialists wrong. There is a threat to the future moral unity of the American people in this behavior which loyal Americans cannot afford to ignore.

Our readers will not, we trust, misunderstand the meaning of this protest. We attach no value to national moral unity either in war or peace which is born of the suppression of conviction. If the Republican leaders considered that the President was risking the future safety of the free peoples by associating military victory with a peace of ultimate conciliation, they were fully entitled to declare their doubts. In that case, they should have announced early in the war that, while they would support the President in fighting the German government, they would oppose his declared purpose of seeking a just and enduring peace by the road of conciliation rather than by the road of military safeguards and revenge. Their obligation to protest against waging a war for a political purpose, which they believed to be unwise or dangerous or mischievous, was no less binding than that of the German socialists. But instead of coming out into the open and stimulating public discussion as to the comparative political desirability of associating victory with revenge or with ultimate conciliation, they deliberately suppressed their convictions, discouraged discussion and denounced as disloyal any one who questioned whether the nation was as united morally as it appeared to be. They were perfectly willing to let Mr. Wilson obtain for a war which aimed at ultimate conciliation an amount of popular support and moral enthusiasm which neither he nor they could have obtained for a war which sought to vindicate nationalist aggression by calling it revenge and punishment. They were perfectly willing to have socialists jailed who declared, in spite of the President's pledges, that the war was not being fought for the benefit of world democracy. Yet when the time comes to redeem those pledges, they are equally willing to deprive the poor innocents who believed the nation to be morally united on the President's policy of a healing peace of the promised fruits of victory. We do not believe these tactics will succeed, but if they do, the patrioteers will eventually have to pay the price of their perfidy. In undermining the ability of the President to redeem his pledges, they will have undermined the structure of good faith among the different American classes, which is the condition of orderly democratic progress.

The Republican leaders as the representatives of the conservative vested interests in American society are setting a dubious example to radical agitators. They themselves, before the war is actually ended, are treating the gravest of national issues in a spirit of factious irresponsibility. Good Americans have been peculiarly proud of the spirit of loyal cooperation which the different classes in American society have practiced during the war, and they have hoped that some of the spirit of mutual helpfulness would survive into peace and help our political leaders to obtain something like general consent to the necessary measures of national and international reconstruction. Yet on the very threshold of this prodigious task, the class of Americans who talk most vociferously about national loyalty, deliberately provoke a bitter class and partisan quarrel in respect to the first and most fundamental of the measures of peaceful reconstruction. They repudiate the fundamental principles of the League of Free Nations in the name of which the President has gathered liberal and popular support to the war. They declare that a democratic, demilitarized Germany shall be treated in precisely the same way as an autocratic and Prussianized Germany. They do this plainly for the purpose of providing the necessary foundation for a future structure of armament, militarism, economic nationalism and power politics in this country.

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They are loath to have victory in the war associated with the realization of a democratic international programme, because in so far as the programme succeeds, they will no longer be able to use the obligation of national unity for the benefit of class aggrandizement. They become, consequently, disunionists. The moral union of the American people has always depended for its integrity upon the promotion of democratic purposes, both political and social, both at home and abroad. President Wilson's policy enlarges, strengthens and vindicates this democratic basis of American national unity. It deprives nationalism of any necessary association with class, racial, or patriotic exclusiveness. That is the President's unforgivable offence. That is why his enemies are now willing at the end of a successful war to divide the nation against itself in order to undermine his leadership and frustrate his policy.

Austria Dissolved

WE wonder what the Russian revolutionists think as they read today of the debacle in Austria-Hungary. The Hapsburg Monarchy is shattered. Its armies are routed, its lazily tyrannical government destroyed, its new-fledged Emperor on the verge of abdication, perhaps on the verge of flight. Everywhere the peoples, so long held down by stupid force, are supreme—and starving. In Vienna and Buda-Pest, possibly also in Prague and Agram, Workmen's, Soldiers' and Citizens' Committees issue commands quite in the best Soviet tone. To have heard the Austrian generals thunder at Brest-Litovsk and now to see these same heroes disappearing under the mounting wave. Such a dramatic reversal, like the peripeteia of the Greek tragedy, must seem to Lenin and Trotsky as a final solemn judgment of history. They must believe that this dissolution and subversion of Austria-Hungary is no less their work than the work of Foch, Pershing, and Haig.

The avoidance of just such a collapse has been for decades the supreme task of Austro-Hungarian policy. There seemed no valid reason for Austria's continuing to be except that she did not know how not to be. She was the undesired and inhospitable refuge of fragments of population, peoples that wanted to be free but were not to be trusted with freedom. She represented Europe's quandary over quarrelling groups of Czechs, Croatians, Serbs, Slovenes, Poles, Hungarians and Austro-Germans, good haters all, who were lashed together to prevent them from using their fists. In short, Austria was an alternative to a bloody Central European Balkans. Her internal policy, whether it turned towards absolutism or universal suffrage, towards dualism, trialism or what not, was merely a means of keeping uncomfortably together, of maintaining a contentious unity, of seeking to develop a common loyalty, a "Gesammtpatriotismus." Her foreign policy also sought to avert the inevitable crumbling. Austria's allegiance to Germany, her bullying of Serbia, her inconstant attitude, alternatively cringing and challenging, towards Russia were all parts of one ill-conceived polity. It was to keep alive, to prevent her own dismemberment, that Austria at last made the fatal decision for a war against Serbia, the final echoes of which we are hearing today.

How futile was that decision! How futile were all the decisions in that crowded week of July, 1914, when monarchs and statesmen, themselves puppets, played—or thought that they played—with the fate of the world! Had they known what their decisions meant, had they been able to see a few years ahead, they would never have had—perhaps none of us would ever have—the courage to decide. But von Moltke, von Falkenhayn, the German Kaiser and the German Crown Prince could not foresee their own ultimate defeat and discrediting, the end of the rule of their caste and the toppling of thrones all over Europe. Nor did Francis Joseph anticipate the break up of Austria or Tisza foresee his own small personal fate, any more than in St. Petersburg Tsar Nicholas the Second foresaw Nicholas Lenin. The ignorance and pride of these monarchs and statesmen, exalted and, therefore, isolated, failed to grasp the limits of decision. They did not know what they were deciding. They thought in terms of national aggrandizement and of world dominion; they saw a war of monarchs and peoples. And all this time they were the unconscious instruments of a deeper conflict between social classes and social ideals. These rulers of men, whose common dynastic and class interests were so much more real than were the petty irritations that divided them, ruthlessly cut each other's throats, and blindly prepared for the swaying of thrones and the crashing down of the whole ponderous, dangerously leaning tower of class privilege. In the end the world, fortunately we believe, has advanced to a new and promising though also menacing stage in its evolution. In Austria, at least, the long repressed nationalities are freed, triumphant and embittered. Austria, Hungary, perhaps Bohemia, perhaps Jugo-Slavia, seem to be steering straight for a socialist republic, for the rule of the multitude, perhaps for a harsh dictatorship of the urban and rural proletariat.

At this omen the privileged classes in our western nations, as well as millions who have their thinking done for them, will cross themselves in

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superstitious fear. They did not fight Prussian militarism to establish socialist republics. Nor did they fight to make the world safe for social revolutionaries. "After all," we hear some of these men saying, "you could deal with a Kaiser but you can't deal with Bolsheviki."

Upon our attitude towards these new governments about to be established much will depend. The problem is ours. The Kaisers of Germany and Austria, the Tsars of Bulgaria and the Sultans of Turkey have shrivelled up amazingly, and the decision as to what is to be done in the lands of the defeated nations has largely passed from these deliquescent or disappearing sovereigns to us and our Allies. Are we to fight against these perhaps disorderly governments? Are we to continue the war against Russia, "to reconstruct the eastern front," now that there is no longer an enemy to make front against? Many among us will claim that it is our sacred duty to rescue those who were yesterday our enemies from the menace of revolution and civil strife. It is our duty, they will claim, to save the world from anarchy. We are therefore in danger of a new, though concealed, war against social revolutionaries in all countries, enemy and Allied, in order to prevent the contagion from spreading. There is even a possibility that what was to have been a League of Nations will become, in these circumstances, a Holy Alliance.

Even among liberals there are some who fear too sweeping and drastic a change in Austria, Hungary and Germany. They have seen the torrent break over Russia and it has terrified them. The revolution there was too violent and dictatorial, too swiftly uncompromising. It broke with old forms and violated confident anticipations. It cut too deeply and too irreverently. It decapitated a Tsar with as little compunction as a judge sentences a shabby murderer to the gallows. Our liberals wanted a democratic revolution, but they wanted it in moderation and under control, a stop-watch revolution, not an elemental movement of a mob of sweating, unlearned, hating, loving, envious, idealistic men. The Austrians are more literate and more politically experienced than the Russians and they possess a larger steadying middle-class. They may, therefore, prove to be more circumspectly revolutionary. But who can tell? If Austria goes the way of Russia, becoming more Bolshevik than the Bolsheviki, its new tousled rulers may reveal an irrational insistence upon things that the mob really wants. Who will then guarantee that the defeated state will even meet its solemnly incurred obligations? Will there even be a government with which the victors can deal? Can Austria or Hungary or perhaps, Germany assure us that they will keep their revolutionary virus at home, so that our peoples, especially those of France, Belgium and Italy, shall remain uncontaminated?

It is a very real and crucial problem that we face, a problem which proves to us that the war does not end when the enemy surrenders unconditionally. Life is not organized so simply. We are dealing here with a problem not only of strife but of growth, with a development of which this war itself is but an incident and illustration.

How far we shall go in guiding, restraining or defeating the probably unruly and immoderate democracies in what was Austria-Hungary, and perhaps Germany, may well prove to be one of those contests that the battlefield bequeathes to the peace table. In the conflict at this peace table between imperialism and democracy, between economic war and economic internationalism, between a newer and more aggressive nationalism and a real League of Nations, there will also probably enter this question of the status of insurrectionary socialist governments. In this case there will be forced upon the Allied nations the necessity of rendering a decision as pregnant with consequences—and perhaps as blind—as the decision of Germany and Austria in the month before the great war.

Intervention vs. Economic Help to Russia

TWO tendencies have prevailed lately in the discussion of the Russian problem. On the one side has been an attempt to secure a more precise definition of the nature and the scope of Allied intervention; on the other a revival of the plans for economic assistance to Russia. Both problems are closely interdependent and highly significant. Indeed the necessity of a more precise and adequate definition of the character of the Allied intervention is imperative. The doubts concerning the possible dangers of intervention in Russia, which have been expressed with truly prophetic foresight in the preamble of the United States Government's declaration of policy in Russia on August the 6th, have unfortunately not been dissipated. And the question of what the Allies are intervening in Russia for is as important now as the question of what we are fighting for was urgent a short time ago.

When the left wing of Allied democracy started to demand a revision of Allied war aims, those demands were misrepresented as idle or even dangerous talk. At present it is evident that the declaration of what we are fighting for was neither idle nor dangerous. President Wilson's repeated, more and more precise, more and more definite, declarations of America's war aims are one of the

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most potent factors in today's victories. Without the President's declarations of democratic war aims, Allied unity could not have been preserved nor the breaking up of the Central Powers accomplished.

A joint and definite declaration of the aims of Allied intervention is the more important at present, when, according to all evidence, a formidable crisis is reopening in Russia, which may necessitate readjustment of the methods of Russian intervention. For instance, the probability of the evacuation of occupied Russian territory by Germany might find the Allies quite unprepared, and it might at first complicate the situation to the detriment of the Allied cause in Russia. By driving out the Germans from Russia, the avowed purpose of intervention will be achieved and the Allies will be faced by a dilemma; either to drop the intervention altogether and to withdraw from Russia, or to intervene in Russia's internal affairs pure and simple. The first alternative hardly serves the purpose of the Allies; the second is fraught with positive danger and may lead to serious divergency of opinion among the Allied democracies themselves.

There is yet another aspect of intervention which was lately revealed in the dispatches from Vladivostok and in interviews with the various Allied commanders in Siberia. The dispatches say that the Bolsheviki are "hiding" and that the evacuation of Samara was due to a rising of "local Bolsheviki." The fact that Bolsheviki could remain in hiding in places occupied and controlled by the Allies, so as to be able to raise and assist advancing Bolshevik forces defeats the very purpose of intervention. The intervention in so far as it is successful should be able not only to drive the Bolsheviki underground, but to create new conditions under which Bolshevism could not prosper and a revival of Bolshevik activities would be impossible.

When the intervention was being decided, the political and military aspects of the Russian problem loomed larger. Russia was figured as in the grips of a political tyranny, and this political disaster preoccupied the attention of the world. To save Russia it was considered sufficient to change the political system at the top. The purpose of intervention was therefore to send a military force to Russia strong enough to replace the "tyranny of the Soviets" by an "orderly government."

But lately the conviction is growing that the Russian problem with all its political terror and anarchy is chiefly economic. Military operations alone, however successful, cannot mitigate the Russian calamity. Terrible as the political situation is, the economic situation of Russia is much more terrible and infinitely more significant. The political situation will not improve and cannot improve until the anarchy and chaos prevailing in the economic life of the country is done away with. And the beginning of the solution of the economic problem will be the beginning of the end of the political anarchy. Unfortunately, the economic situation in Russia not only does not improve, but it is going from bad to worse, and political chaos accordingly increases to still greater proportions. That is why the revival of plans for the economic help of Russia is of such particular importance.

It is a great misfortune that the scope of economic help must be limited under existing conditions to assistance to the northern provinces of Russia and to Siberia, which are under Allied control. Central Russia, where the economic misery and the political chaos are most acute, is entirely neglected in the present plans for economic help. The armed conflict with the Soviet government makes Central Russia inaccessible for Allied economic relief. But this natural difficulty seems to be welcomed because it helps to make more striking the contrast between the economic misery and political chaos of the Soviet Russia and the economic prosperity and political order of the other Russia, controlled by the Allies. This contrast, it is believed, will not fail to influence the people's imagination in Central Russia and thus help in the overthrow of Bolshevik regime.

This idea is wrong and is based on a miscalculation of the realities of the Russian situation. A slight readjustment of the relationship between different parts of Russia might considerably ameliorate the food shortage in Central Russia and so defeat the objects of this theory of contrast. For instance, the relaxation of the German control in the Ukraine will easily lead to a rapprochement between Moscow and Kieff, which will greatly relieve the economic as well as the political difficulties of Russia.

The most deplorable result of Allied withdrawal from Russia is that the propaganda there is left entirely to the Germans and the anti-Ally Russians, who make the greatest efforts to represent Allied intervention as the main cause of Russia's sufferings. If not counteracted soon this propaganda may have very deplorable results. Effective economic assistance is the only thing which can successfully deal a blow to anti-Ally propaganda. It is the only thing which will appeal to the people in Russia and create friendship towards the Allies among them.

But many people in Allied countries are blind to the difficulties and inclined to neglect the opinion and feelings of Central Russia. They are infinitely more interested in the opinion and feelings of the population in the Far East or in the north of Rus-

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sia. It is a grave mistake. Russia's history was made chiefly by the population of Central Russia, and it will no doubt be made there in the future. In the long run Moscow will dominate Russia, not Archangel or Vladivostok.

Still, it will be said, under the present circumstances it is quite impossible to send any economic help to Central Russia whatever. We realize the enormous difficulties in the way of giving Russia economic help. But one thing the Allies can do, and in our opinion should do. They can lessen the famine which already ravages Russia, and which during the coming winter will no doubt surpass anything ever known in the history of human sufferings.

The chief reasons which make the starvation of Russia inevitable are:

(1) The economic exhaustion and the disorganization of the country.

(2) The civil war, which still further exhausts and disorganizes the country.

(3) The absence of agricultural implements.

(4) The absence of seed grain (even before the war the government and the Zemstvos used to supply considerable numbers of peasants with seed grain).

(5) The enormous loss of horses during the war and especially during the last two years, because of lack of fodder.

(6) The traditional and tragic idleness of the people and lack of economic inducement to produce surplus grain, because of the impossibility of exchanging it for manufactured goods.

These factors alone account for Russia's starvation and their effect will be felt in Russia for many years to come.

But lately a new factor has been added, namely the cutting off of Central Russia from all grain producing provinces of the Volga and Siberia. At present Russia is virtually blockaded from the south (Ukraine) by the Germans and from the southeast and east by the Czecho-Slovaks and the Allies. Even with all the grain available on the Volga and in Siberia, famine in Central Russia would be inevitable. Cut off as she now is from the Volga and Siberian grain, the starvation of Russia will naturally assume terrible proportions.

It seems absurd that the Allies and especially this country should assume any responsibility for the starvation of Russia. And yet in Russia itself the responsibility for the famine will be put entirely on the Allies. A cry will be raised that Russia is starving because of Allied intervention. And such is human nature that all organic reasons for the starvation will be forgotten, and the starving people will easily believe that their terrible sufferings are due to the Czecho-Slovaks, and would not have been brought about had the Allies not intervened in Russia.

Thus Allied intervention is actually helping the Bolsheviki to escape responsibility for the sufferings of the people. The Bolsheviki can easily explain the famine by the "Czecho-Slovak counter-revolutionary adventure," and they can not only explain this, but they can actually arouse the people to support them in fighting the Czecho-Slovaks and getting the Volga grain. The opening of the Volga and the Siberian grain for Central Russia would serve the Allied cause in Russia better than the morally doubtful plan of promoting anti-Bolshevik agitation by starvation. To assist Russia in combating famine is not purely a humanitarian question. It involves the most important political issues. It is not improbable that upon the solution of this question depends the Allied cause in Russia. To open the Volga and Siberian grain to Russia means to create friendship among the Russian people and enormously to increase the prestige of the Allied cause in Russia. Such a move and only such a one will make them feel and believe that the Allies are intervening in Russia as friends.

Russia cannot be conquered. But it can be easily won over. Economic assistance is the best and, probably, the only means of winning Russia over. In his great struggle for establishing peace upon principles of right and justice, President Wilson will need the moral support of the whole world. It will be a fatal mistake, nay, more, a terrible calamity, if Russia, which more than any other country is prepared through its sufferings to understand the great aspirations of the President and to follow his lead, should be neglected as a force in the immediate struggle and the final victory.

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The Cult of Irrationality

NEITHER the existence nor the positive value of the irrational in man is to be glossed over. All the instincts, impulses and emotions which push man into action outside the treadmill of use and wont are irrational. The depths, the mysteries, of nature are non-rational. The business of reason is not to extinguish the fires which keep the cauldron of vitality seething, nor yet to supply the ingredients which are in vital stir. Its task is to see that they boil to some purpose. To this end, there must be proportion in the ingredients and a certain regulation of the temperature.

It is not surprising nor yet of itself regrettable that the non-rational in human nature is particularly in evidence in wartime. All emotion bears witness to departure from the habitual, to the presence of an emergency or crisis. And in such a vast crisis as war there is something wholesome in the popular feeling which regards marked absence of indignation, and an excessive exhibition of balanced judgment, as signs of apathy as to the ends of the war.

Under circumstances when all the reserves of power have to be maintained in full action, there is something suspicious in a manifestation of pure rationality. To be stirred is evidence that one is a participant; to be wholly and conspicuously reasonable is evidence that one is an onlooker, a spectator. Many will remember how resentful European peoples in the war were when Americans before we entered into it referred to the insanity which had seized Europe. Many Americans now find it impossible to recover their own former attitude in this respect, an attitude even of many who were always pro-Ally in their sympathies. War which once seemed an insanity now seems natural, righteous and reasonable altogether. That which once seemed a disaster now seems a beneficence. The difference is the normal difference between the one who looks on from without and the one who shares from within.

It is not the rise of the irrational as such, accordingly, that must give pause to those who would use intelligence as a director of instinct and passion. It is the deliberate cultivation of the irrational. For the cult is not spontaneous and natural; it is intentional and purposeful. It is ulterior, full of design. It raises questions: What design is behind it? Whose interests are concerned in the careful and systematic working up of the irrational? Who is taking advantage of a natural and wholesome stir of feeling to intensify it abnormally till men see only red, and to deflect it till rational criticism of what is politically and economically obnoxious can be represented as lack of patriotic interest in the war? It is the business of deliberate thought to direct the play of emotion to an end. There are many ends, and the value of the deliberate cultivation of emotions depends upon what ends are held. Is irrationality in the mass cultivated by a few in order that the attention of the many may be diverted from something which would otherwise arouse intelligent opposition? Is it being worked up to a boiling point in order that certain securities and guaranties which are hostile to the wishes of an influential class may be overridden, and that when the proper time comes certain schemes, rendered invisible by the prevailing excitement, may be put over? Not the irrational itself, but the systematic cult of it, is, let it be repeated, the sinister thing.

Everybody who has watched the course of events knows that the deepest impulses and emotions of Americans as a body were enlisted in whole-hearted support of the war because of the end which was presented to them. They bore in imperturbed silence the earlier shrill cries of those who would arouse their emotions for the sake of war itself, for revenge and hatred. When they saw before them their own end, a world organized for the possibility of amicable intercourse, because organized on a democratic basis, the whole preciously restrained flood of impulse was let loose. But one has only to observe the present cultivated propaganda of the irrational to discover that an insidious and skilled effort is being made to detach the volume of passionate energy from its original end and to turn the emotion itself from a means into an end.

The spread of the war emotions unfortunately lends itself too readily to such manipulation. As they swell, they tend to blot from view, save in the more thoughtful, the ends for which they came into play and which justify their intense eagerness. The leaders of the cult of the irrational then strive to alter the emotions into those of fear, suspicion and hatred, knowing well—even if they have never thought of it—that when these feelings are excited they will attach themselves to lower ends, ends which better serve the purposes of those who instigate the cult.

A few months ago the average American needed no one to tell him that we had to win the war, and he needed no one to tell him what winning the war meant. President Wilson had voiced his aim and

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intent, however inarticulate they had been previously. To win the war was to bring about the state of things which should make any similar war impossible in the future, and this state of things meant the destruction or reduction to impotency of arbitrary and secret agencies of governments pursuing aims contrary to the interests of the common man wherever he lived all over the world. Military defeat and military victory were parts of this end just in so far as they should prove to be parts of it—that is, indispensable conditions of its attainment.

Neither sentimentality on our own part nor smooth trickery on the enemies' part were to stand in the way. But the cult of the irrational has striven to persuade us that a military defeat of Germany had only to be complete enough to be of itself a winning of the war irrespective of any further consequences. It has also taught that only a thoroughgoing and absolute military defeat could be a winning of the war irrespective of all other changes in the constitution and disposition of our foes.

Why? What is the hidden purpose? The answer is that powers which never for a moment heartily subscribed to President Wilson's war and peace aims, but which realized the impossibility of a frontal attack, powers which either distrusted democracy or realized what its victory meant for their own class interests, set a flanking movement under way. They have pulled every wire to create a belief that those who regard winning the war as equivalent to winning the objects of the war are defeatists if not actual sympathizers with Germany. They deprecate as presumption and egotism every effort to put forward as a reality the American ideals in the war. They intimate that such conduct shows lack of recognition of the sacrifices made by our Allies and lack of confidence in them. And by our Allies they here mean not the mass of the people who are themselves animated by democratic hopes, but those elements in the governments which have shown themselves as most nearly imperialistic and unreconstructed.

It is easy to foresee the time when the authors of the present cult will come forward with frank disparagement of the League of Nations, and will propose for the prevention of future wars as a substitute a more assiduous devotion to those principles of exclusive and militant nationalism of which Prussia has been the efficient exemplar. The subtle hidden propaganda to this end is already creeping into the open, and it requires no prescience to see that with the imminence of the Peace Conference it will no longer take the trouble to disguise itself. But the cult has another end which will never be avowed. It is the source of the present endeavor to use the war emotions to bring about a suppression of discussion and criticism, which would make objects of suspicion of all who still think and speak honestly even when their thoughts run counter to the immediate passion of the day. We remember the zeal and emphasis of those conservative critics of democracy who before the war loudly proclaimed the need of checks and guaranties against the will of the populace. It is a commentary on their sincerity that not a single voice has been raised from this quarter to protest against the one thing in which there is need to be on guard against the uncertain will of the populace —namely, its intolerance, when aroused, of discriminating discussion. It is just these reactionaries, these constitutional disbelievers in the people, who are now most active in egging on the intolerance of the populace. It is they who take advantage of the increased pomp of authority with which the war has necessarily clothed some men to put a stigma upon all whose liberalizing influence in domestic policies they dread. For it is not so much this suppression of a periodical or that conviction of an accused person which counts. The important thing which the cultivators of irrationality never lose from view is the discrediting which permanently weakens an obnoxious intellectual influence.

Every sensible American is willing to sacrifice something of his ordinary freedom of speech, just as he is willing for the sake of the war to surrender some of his accustomed wheat or sugar. He promptly realized that when many are giving their lives, there is an uncouth egotism involved in an attempt at a literal maintenance of all the privileges of peace. But just as he would resent a discovery that he was going without the food which is usually his own not for the sake of the common good, but in order that some one else might gorge, so will he resent any evidence that the machinery of espionage and restriction, made necessary by the war, is being used for personal and class ends. The war has shown an unexpected voluntary docility in the American people in its willingness to submit to limitations whose purpose is clear. But every incident which indicates that this docility is being turned to private account will breed a sullenness which is as extreme and harmful as the suppression which generates it. Not the least of the many evils bred by the cult of domestic suppression and suspicion is that besides an irrational submissiveness among the cowardly it cultivates an irrational rebelliousness in others. The spontaneous play of non-rational instinct ebbs and flows naturally. Cultivated irrationality is a hateful thing, which easily gets out of all control.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Forbidden Fruit

IF you could spy upon Margaret as she sits in her tiny study, a deeply serious, widely acclaimed modern book open before her on the leaf of her desk, I wonder what you would surmise—supposing, that is, you are given to surmises about women. She isn't really reading, although the stiff words of the page print themselves dimly upon her consciousness, along with the blacks and reds of the mahogany grain of her desk, where a long ray of December sun lights it into a rich glow. Margaret's brow is contracted in thought and her lips, sweet and firm, appear full of suppressed emotion. There is a deliciously baffling trace of color in her pale cheeks, a color which seems to ebb and flow with the waves of her thought. She sits free and well poised in her chair, like a woman with unusual strength of body and activity of mind. Her figure, neither slender nor full, suggests power, awaiting the summons to action. From something about the cut and color of her dress and the way she does her hair, you infer that her age falls in the early forties. But another glance and you dismiss the inference: she may be twenty-five or thirty-five or forty: it is all one. She is woman, life and strength and goodness, more potential than actual. She is woman eternal.

But now the street door opens and closes, and a slight, habitual cough is heard in the reception hall. Observe the subtle change that takes place in Margaret. The glow of the mahogany grain dies out of her consciousness and the color out of her cheeks. The pose of free strength has fallen from her body; she leans half wearily against the back of her chair. Her lips move pronouncing the dogmatic nothings of the page before her. Plainly, she is forty or more, and a wife. And if you are at all quick, you can infer the type of husband, before the study door is gently opened and he stands before his lady, tall, spare, a kindly light in his dim eyes, an enforced cheerfulness of voice and countenance. He is apparently somewhat older than his wife, not so sound of constitution nor so generous of spirit, but a good soul nevertheless. He wears a general professional appearance, which narrows down on close inspection to that of professor, probably, on closer inspection still, professor of science. And as you look at this wedded pair you feel the mood of one of those dim days in early September, when the summer glory has gone out of the foliage, but the colors of autumn have not arrived.

The professor strides over-lithely to Margaret's side and kisses her cheek. He glances at the book, "Not only are the conscious discriminations between our kinæsthetic ideas"—he intones. "Very deep, very deep," he comments, with a tone of forced raillery. "Am I disturbing you?"

"No, not at all," says Margaret languidly. But the professor is not blind enough to remain. He remarks cheerfully on some pressing work he has to do and betakes himself off, revealing his unconfessed dejection only by that slight outward curve in the small of the back which in rigidly self-drilled persons does duty for an infinitude of sighs.

Now, what do you surmise about Margaret, supposing you are given to surmises? Whether she would admit it even to herself, her soul yearns for forbidden fruit. This is elementary. But what fruit? That is where canny surmises go astray.

Margaret is not disillusioned of her husband the professor. They climbed the hill of life together, and she would not forego any part of the experience for worlds, not the painful readjustment of life when Helen, their daughter, suddenly changed from a child into a woman and set out to train herself for a career in a distant city; not even the devastating anguish of a son born in hope, reared in joy through the first year of inarticulate wonder, and lost. Neither would Margaret forego for worlds the final community of the journey of life, tottering down the hill together. But the vast flat space between up grade and down, that is Margaret's problem. It used to be that there was only a breathing stage between the time when a woman is young and the time when she is old. Modern hygiene, the modern outlook on life, have extended this stage incredibly into a wide plateau. At forty is not one's mind as alert, one's will as strong, one's body as enduring as at any earlier stage in life? And need one's faculties, one's impulses to activity, decline notably before seventy? It was not so with Bernhardt, nor with Terry, nor with a long array of distinguished women artists. It is not so with the average man; why should it be with the average woman? But thirty years is a long age to contemplate for one whose whole profession consists in the status of wife in a household whence the last birdlet has flown.

"You are all worn out, my dear," the professor is in the habit of insisting sympathetically. "Helen's last year in the high school taxed you more than you realize. Now you must try to rest." Rest! There will be time enough for that when one is dead. But when one is alive, when in fact one is tingling, quivering with life that demands expression, what is the meaning of rest? The professor is not so stupid, to be sure, as to advise Margaret to sit with hands folded, drinking in rest. He addresses himself very seriously to the problem of finding means for occupying Margaret's time restfully. He has inveigled her into some honorary

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office connected with a sorority, by means of which she can devote hours and hours to hearing the pseudo confidences of twenty young ladies who keep their real confidences for younger ears. He presses her to attend his colleagues' lectures and report on them, on the pretext that only so can he gain a comprehensive view of the whole course of instruction. He brings home books, books, books. And naturally since America entered the war, the professor has employed all the craft of a politician to get Margaret on one committee on war work after another, until Margaret's week is nothing but a succession of committee meetings and extra committee activities. And yet you can read in Margaret's every movement, Life is empty, empty. The professor can't quite read this, but he lives ill at ease. Is some deeply hidden malady sapping the spirit and the life of his beloved wife? The medical fraternity of the town have been called into consultation, but they can find nothing. But suppose he had access to more expert medical service, would the results be equally negative? Pity the poor professor. There is nothing in the world more real than the solicitude that gnaws at his heart.

From plague and fire on land, from wreck at sea and from unreasonable, discontented wives, good Lord, deliver us. Thus no doubt you pray; and having prayed, let us return to Margaret, seated before her desk, her eyes absently resting upon the selfsame page of meaningless profundities. Exactly what is it that so tyrannizes over her consciousness? Yes, to be sure, a human face.

It is the face of a gentle little Italian woman, Giulia Pellerino, who lives in the tumble-down cottage beyond the lumber yard. Giulia's is a lovely face, oval, olive pale, with the greatest, profoundest eyes, half veiled with pain. Clustering about the face of Giulia are three miraculous little heads, Pietro, aged three, with splendid black curls and deep violet eyes; Elena, nearly two, with thinner curls and larger, darker eyes, and Giovanni, three months, almost all eyes. Since Giovanni was born Giulia has not been well. She ought not to walk about, but the Pellerino budget can provide neither nurse nor maid. Pietro senior goes to his work early and returns late; he is earning some money and saving it; he has a keen eye to the future. He is kind and does not make it too manifest that he considers himself a very unfortunate man to have a sickly wife.

"Now, if I could put in a trained nurse there and keep that little Italian woman in bed, and straighten out the children's diet, and bully the husband a bit, it would come out all right," says Dr. Baker, Margaret's medical counsellor.

"But why can't I do all those things without being a trained nurse?" demands Margaret.

"Because you are nothing to such people but an idle woman who has come down to spy and pry and regulate. You would hurt Giulia more than you'd help her. You have to have professional standing. That is the only key to communication across class and race lines. But if you had it, think what it would mean to people like these. What a nurse you'd make! You'd save me a dozen lives a year."

What would it mean to Margaret? That is what she has been thinking, month after month. If only she could! All her life desire to help has been her ruling passion. To devote the rest of her life altogether to helpfulness would entirely solve her problem. But think of the obstacles!

In the first place, what institution wants to train women of forty? There are just as many illusions now current about the incapacity of the mature woman for severe training as used to be current about women's incapacity in general. Those illusions will pass, but for the present there is a difficult road for any woman who challenges them, and Margaret is not of a challenging type.

And, then, there is the professor to think of. He is broad-minded, in his way, and sympathetic, but his conceptions of human nature are traditional. If Margaret were to announce her conviction that something besides conjugal love is needed to fill up a woman's life, the professor would take it as a judgment of his own personal inadequacy. So would the community. And would it be right for Margaret to place a just and kind husband in so humiliating a position, even though the humiliation springs from nothing but illusions?

If what Margaret wanted to do were to write, or to paint pictures, or to enact significant roles on the stage, it would not be so difficult a matter. It is already agreed that a woman may, without repudiating her husband, sacrifice her home life to such ambitions. But to make the sacrifice just to be humbly useful, to accept a status in the professional hierarchy supposed to be on a lower plane than her husband's—for this there is not sufficient precedent. As well dismiss the thought and reconcile herself to resting to the end of her days, or to making pretense of occupying herself with the innumerable amateur social and charitable activities of the community.

If only her husband had been of a different temperament. If he had been like that disagreeable college mate of his, Geoffrey Blake, obstreperous social philosopher at large, who goes about the country, proclaiming the most fervent admiration for fair women and the most profound contempt for their tolerance of the futility of their lives. After all, Margaret reflects, is not the contempt justified?

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The door opens noiselessly and the professor appears, smiling.

"Guess who's in town. I've invited him to come to dinner. Geoffrey Blake."

"Geoffrey Blake? I don't want to see him!" cries Margaret vehemently.

The professor stares. Margaret's cheeks begin to glow, and a disquieting surmise passes through the professor's mind like a flash of lightning in December.

"No," he comments to himself. "It can't be that. He's such a brute. But yet, psychology is tricky. Forbidden fruit, and all that."

ALVIN JOHNSON.

America and Polish Politics

A Narrative in the Diplomacy of the Coming Great Settlement

THE United States government stands now at the beginning of the second stage of its dealings with the so-called "new nationalities" of Europe. With regard to the Poles, for instance, and with regard to the Czecho-Slovaks, and with regard to the Jugo-Slavs, the question was: Will the war bring them their complete freedom and independence? That question seems now to be answered thoroughly in the affirmative. But the next question, the next stage, equally difficult, perhaps more difficult, at once begins.

What sorts of governments will these revived peoples set up? By what committees, by what political groups, will the setting up be done? Within each of these peoples, as within all other peoples, there are factional strifes, spiritual strifes, of the utmost earnestness and often of the utmost bitterness. In each case the Allies are dealing with certain persons who are regarded as the spokesmen of the nation concerned. Such persons will have a great weight of foreign influence behind them in the organizing of the new national governments. What sorts of persons are they? What sorts of governments would they incline to favor? Liberal or illiberal? Peaceful or aggressive?

In these circumstances, the internal politics of each of these peoples becomes a subject of pressing practical interest to all the Allies and peculiarly to the United States. Millions of immigrants from the ancient oppressed nationalities, now the "new nationalities," of Europe are resident in the United States. The political struggles of their home-lands are faithfully reproduced among these immigrants in our cities. Difficulties over there become difficulties here. For the United States, therefore, in a sense in which no statement can be made regarding Britain or France, the politics of the new nationalities of Europe is a domestic as well as a foreign question of intimate importance.

In this article an attempt is made to present a compact summary of the most immediate and urgent diplomatic phase of the politics of Poland. It is a phase which can best be followed by following the personal records of two men—Pilsudski and Dmowski.

Pilsudski is now in a German jail. Dmowski is now chairman of a group of Poles commonly known as the "Paris Committee," to which the conversations of the Allies on Polish matters are addressed. The Paris Committee, in practice, is the official organ of contact between Poland and the Allies. In the meantime; back in Poland, Pilsudski is Kosciusko's successor in the rôle of Polish national martial hero.

Pilsudski is a nobleman, of a family for many centuries noble. He is also a socialist. In his youth, at his university, he joined a revolutionary society and was exiled by the Tsar's government to Siberia. After five years, seeming likely to die of consumption, he was released. Not dying, he was later again arrested. He simulated insanity and was placed in a hospital for observation. A friend of his contrived to become his attending physician. One day both patient and physician were absent and did not return. Thereafter Pilsudski retired from Russian Poland into Austrian Poland and prepared the movement which was to bring him back to Warsaw in triumph.

Pilsudski's principle, laid down long before the war, was as follows:

A great war is inevitable between Austria and Russia. The Poles in Austrian Poland are relatively well treated—an admitted fact. The Poles in Russian Poland are barbarously ill-treated—also an admitted fact. Russia, therefore, beyond Austria, beyond Germany, is the first enemy to be fought. The Romanoffs, beyond the Hapsburgs, beyond the Hohenzollerns, are medieval night. And that night will be shattered by the war. The Tsaristic government is as inefficient as it is murderous. Therefore let Poland, in the coming great war, help to fight Russia and help to drive Russian medievalism out of Poland forever. Then, with the new strength and the new self-confidence of the Polish people, won by Polish deeds on the battle-field, let all Poland turn to defend its unity and its free independence against the imperialisms at Vienna and at Berlin.

This principle was not novel. It was practiced by Kosciusko himself. Pilsudski adopted it and began to organize secret units of fighting men pledged to follow him against Russia as soon as the great war should begin.

This principle was also adopted by the leading Poles of the United States. In the year 1912 at Pittsburg there came into being an organization known as the Polish "Committee of National Defense." It included representatives from all the most important and most influential American Polish societies, and Bishop Rhode became its honorary President. It pledged itself to "assist by all means the revolutionary movement against Russia, the greatest enemy of Poland."

The war came. Pilsudski crossed at once from Austrian into Russian Poland and, with his followers gathering about him and forming themselves into the troops subsequently known as Pilsudski's Polish Legions, placed the eagles of Poland in the forefront of the battle against the Tsar. For the first time since 1863 there was a Polish armed force in the field, with Polish uniforms, Polish words of command, Polish officers. In 1916, when Pilsudski entered Warsaw, he entered it in drifts of flowers through which his carriage passed drawn by the hands of his cheering fellow-citizens. He had announced that his policy for a free Poland was that it should be a Poland

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with equal rights for all—for all citizens and for all races. Socialist and soldier, great democratic leader and great military commander, he was indeed, in the manner of his times, a Washington. He was the statesmanship of freedom and its sword together.

At this time his enemies spoke of him as pro-German. His conduct was soon a sufficient reply to that charge.

Following his predetermined principle, he now demanded from the Germans and the Austrians a Polish government on Polish soil. When they hesitated, he stopped recruiting for his legions and began to organize new military groups underground. He resigned from his Brigadier-Generalship. In time the Germans and Austrians reluctantly consented to the establishment of a Polish "Council of State." They foresaw, and they have experienced, the inevitable anti-German development of any such body. Pilsudski became the military arm of the new "Council of State" and proceeded to form a Polish national army. The Germans and Austrians then demanded that all Polish soldiers take an oath of allegiance not only to Poland but also to the two Emperors at Vienna and at Berlin. Pilsudski's soldiers were drawn up to take this oath. They refused it. They were interned. And Pilsudski was jailed. First at Wesel and now at Magdeburg he proved and he proves, by exile and imprisonment, his complete loyalty to a Poland completely united and completely independent. He remains the centre of the military pride of all Poland and the centre also of the political hope of certain frankly democratic Polish groups.

The career of Dmowski has proceeded toward a very different end. In his youth he seems to have entertained democratic opinions. He took part in the spreading of popular education. Later he became the leader of a new political party called the National Democratic party. But this party, though at first really democratic, soon became opportunistic and then profoundly conservative. Its representatives in the old Duma at Petrograd opposed the agrarian laws brought forward for the relief of the peasants of the Tsar's dominions. They refused to join the liberal Russians of the Duma in the Declaration of Viborg in 1907—a declaration of protest against the Duma's dissolution. In fact, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu related, in the course of his study of Russia, the Polish National Democrats became "the most conservative of all the parties assembled in the Taurida Palace." And Dmowski, in his book called Mysli, in 1907, came finally to the recording of his mature conviction that national ethics cannot countenance the theory that human beings shall have equal voices in the determination of national policies.

This anti-democratic position was strategically necessary to the National Democrats. They had determined to live on livable terms with the Russian anti-democratic government. They had abandoned the idea of any immediate struggle for the independence of Poland. They had embraced the idea of securing concessions from the Tsar by offering services to the Tsar. Accordingly, instead of supporting the revolution of 1905 in Poland, they resisted it. And, when the great war came, they called upon the people of Poland to rally to the Tsar's armies. Their principle was: "The unification of Poland under the sceptre of the Russian monarchy."

This principle was seriously shaken in Polish popular opinion when the Russians, in spite of the manifesto of the Grand Duke Nicholas, continued to practice a rigorous and ruthless Russification upon all Polish territory into which they penetrated. The moral strength of the Russians and the moral strength of the National Democrats declined together. When the Russians were obliged to retreat out of Poland, Dmowski retreated too. So did certain of his political associates. They appeared at Petrograd, at London, at Lausanne, at Paris. They were known by their records, not unfavorably, to the Tsar's ambassadors and ex-ambassadors. And the Paris Committee was erected, to stand and speak for Poland.

The composition of this Committee is entirely consistent with the political views of its chairman Dmowski. Most of its members are National Democrats. Among the few who are not National Democrats there is Mr. Skirmuntt, whose policy of compromise with the Tsar in the days before the war was so extreme as to call forth a rebuke even from the National Democrats themselves, and there is Count Zamoyski, who has no political record at all but who is simply one of the largest land-owners in Poland and one of the richest men in Europe. It is a Committee entirely of the parties of the Right. The parties of the Left, the democratic parties, have admittedly no representation in it.

The foreign policy of this Committee may be judged from Dmowski's own writings. In his book called Mysli he lays down a complete philosophy of racial combat. The German who tries to Germanize the Poles of Posen by force is only obeying the supreme summons and sanction of his race-loyalty and race-destiny. An equal aspiration to loyalty and to destiny should characterize the Poles. Healthy nations endeavor to de-nationalize other nations. It is weakness in the Poles when they willingly vote for a Ruthenian high school in Galicia for Ruthenians. If it is the fate of the Ruthenians to remain within the boundaries of Poland, then they should be Polonized. If it is their fate to realize their hope for a united country of their own, then they will realize it much more robustly if they pass through the ordeal of a combat with a healthy race of de-nationalizing masters.

From this philosophy flows the demand of members of the Dmowski party for a Poland which shall unquestioningly include a great assortment of territories not Polish at all. From the contrary philosophy comes the demand of members of the Pilsudski party in America that the Lithuanians and Ruthenians of old Poland shall be permitted to free themselves, if they so choose, by referendum.

But the power of the National Democrats and of the Paris Committee has extended itself, naturally, to America. Even before the war the "Committee of National Defense" had lost much of its strength by secessions. The seceders shifted from a relationship with the Pilsudski party in Europe to a relationship with the Dmowski party. They were strengthened by the appearance of the Paris Committee. Dmowski appointed to that committee the Pole best known in America—Paderewski. Dmowski himself came to America. A convention of American Poles was called at Detroit. It represented the will of the persons and of the organizations, both clerical and lay, now possessing the greatest weight of local economic and political power in our Polish-American communities. And it accepted the guidance of the Paris Committee fully. Dmowski, armed with the prestige conferred upon him by the Allies through his chairmanship of the Paris Committee, has gained the international leadership of the now dominant elements among the Poles in America.

In the meantime the Pilsudski party in America is pursued with accusations of "disloyalty." The words "Socialist" and "pro-German" are brought into action. The United States government is called upon to make perpetual inquiries on promiscuous charges. And numerous democratic Poles, personally opposed to the anti-democratic

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policies of the Dmowski party, are forced to cover their opinions with silence because they fear, and with reason, that an expression of those opinions would imperil their livelihood in munitions-plants and elsewhere.

It happens that the Polish Socialists who belong to the Committee of National Defense were expelled in a body from the American Socialist party for being in favor of armed force as a method of freeing Poland and for being in favor of preparedness for the United States in anticipation of its entrance into the war. It happens also that the Committee of National Defense has repeatedly asserted its belief that the Poland of the future must include every inch of Polish soil ever taken from Poland by Germany. These open facts are utterly incompatible with any concerted "disloyalty" either to Poland or to the United States.

Doubtless there are scoundrels in Pilsudski's party, and in Dmowski's party, and in all parties in all countries. But the pursuit of Pilsudski's party in America is not directed simply against individuals. It is directed against a whole political group, against a whole intellectual movement. Today in America, as once in Poland, we see the Dmowski party engaged in trying to use the elements of authority to suppress, physically suppress, the organized activity of its political democratic opponents.

So we come to the following strange state of things, internationally:

First. In Poland itself, in succession to the "Council of State," there is a "Regency" which must be regarded as one of the possible roots of future Polish self-government. It consists of three extremely distinguished Polish personages, including the archbishop of Warsaw. It has been obliged to reckon with German power and to compromise with German coercion. Yet it dared to publish a most emphatic denunciation of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. And it dared to assert its adherence to the principle of a united independent Poland with access to the sea and therefore with possession of a most valuable stretch of sea-coast long held by Germany. In return the Germans did not dare to disperse it. It has much local support. Various Poles outside Poland charge it with being a German tool. Numerous Poles of all parties within Poland regard it as being a conscientiously Polish body doing its Polish best against German difficulties. In any case, it already discharges many governmental functions. It manages the schools, for instance, and the law-courts and the municipalities. It exists. It is a going concern. But going on what? And going toward what?

Second. Pilsudski is in a place (namely, a cell) where it is difficult to reach him and learn his present views and plans. He was willing to cooperate with the "Council of State." Presumably, therefore, he might be willing to cooperate with the "Regency." He would capture large numbers of votes in any fair campaign for First President of Poland. What we do know about him is that he is the opposite of Dmowski. But what will he do, precisely, when he is released?

Third. From among Dmowski's followers and associates, from among the parties of the Right, and exclusively from among the parties of the Right, we have contrived a Committee at Paris which assumes to be Poland's War Department and Poland's Foreign Affairs Department. Through this Committee, anti-democratic and pro-imperialistic, we speak to Poland and we work toward Poland's future in a world war against imperialism and on behalf of democracy.

Fourth. In America the Dmowski party, officialized by its alliance with the Allies, wages a domestic war of intimidation and extermination against its political opponents and tries to make an allegiance to Dmowski politics the test of Americanism.

In these circumstances it is certainly not inappropriate for democratic Americans to hope that the Allied governments and the United States government will soon give their attention, drastically, to the narrow and inadequate character of the Paris Committee.

One must candidly admit the perfect naturalness of the sequence of thought leading to the present situation. The Dmowski party, being pro-Tsar, was pro-Ally. The Pilsudski party, being anti-Tsar, was alleged to be pro-German. And when it showed a patriotically Polish resentment against the willingness of the Allies (their tragically necessary willingness) to leave the fate of Poland by treaty to the personal decision of the Tsar, it was again alleged to be pro-German. But that allegation is now lifted from Pilsudski by the common consent of the whole world. It is therefore lifted from his party as a party. That party, with no possible foreknowledge of the advent of Belgium and Britain and America into the war, prepared to shed its blood, and did shed it, against the Tsar, for Poland and for nationalistic democracy. The Dmowski party combined a loyalty to the Tsar with a corresponding hatred and repression of nationalistic democracy. And the war has come to be the seed-bed of free nations and of democratic governmental institutions. And the present situation of Polish affairs at Paris and in America, while thoroughly natural historically, is now thoroughly unnatural, intellectually and morally.

A popularized Paris Committee could establish avenues of communication and cooperation with the popular will in Poland. After all, the fate of Poland should rest with the people of Poland. We stand now at the beginning of the manoeuvres which will make a Europe based firmly on the wills of peoples or a Europe jerry-built again by intrigues of favored factions and by exchanges of imperialistic and financial favors. At such a moment it is surely essential that the western democracies, in guaranty of the faith that is in them, should equip themselves everywhere with at least tolerably democratic instruments.

A Broken Friendship

Strange little friend of yesterday,
Although to you and me it seems
That yesterdays are only dreams
Ever so far away —
Although your love for me seems dead
And friendship's flame burns dim and low,
By all the things we ever said
You know it is not so —
You know it is not so, and we
Are friends through all eternity.
Although the years shall drift between
And tides of Time creep o'er Life's sands
And Death with heavy listless hands
Gathers the fruit of love,
You know that in some starry place
We two shall meet, and face to face
Find once again our happy love
And prove that it is true —
You know it, little gray-eyed friend,
Even as I love you;
It matters not if Time shall part
Our bodies, for in God's old heart
All friendships live anew!

JAMES L. MCLANE, JR.

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The Red Funeral of Vladivostok

IT was the Fourth of July. I was standing on the Kitaiskaya looking down upon the holiday flags on the American battleship in Vladivostok Bay. Suddenly I heard a far away sound. Listening, I caught the strains of the Revolutionary Hymn:

"With hearts heavy and sad we bring our dead
Who shed their blood in the fight for freedom."

Looking up, I saw on the crest of the hill the first lines of the funeral procession of the gruzshchiki.

Four days before, when the Czecho-Slovaks, aided by Japanese and English troops, suddenly seized the Soviet and its officials, throwing confusion and terror into the ranks of the workers, the gruzshchiki (longshoremen) rushed into the Red Staff Building, and, though outnumbered forty to one, refused to surrender until the building was fired by an incendiary bomb.

Today, their people were burying the defenders of the fallen Soviet. Out of the workmen's quarters they streamed, jamming the street not from curb to curb but from wall to wall. They came billowing over the hill-top by thousands until the whole long slope was choked with the dense slow-moving throng, keeping time to the funeral march of the revolutionists.

Up through the gray and black mass of men and women ran two lines of white-bloused sailors of the Bolshevik fleet. Above their heads tossed a cloud of crimson standards with silvered cords and tassels. In the vanguard, four men carried a huge red banner with the words: "Long Live the Soviet of Workmen's and Peasants' Deputies! Hail to the International Brotherhood of the Toilers!"

A hundred girls in white, carrying the green wreaths from forty-four unions of the city, formed a guard of honor for the coffins of the gruzshchiki, which, with the red paint still wet upon them, were borne upon the shoulders of their comrades. The music crashed out by the Red Fleet Band was lost in the volume of song that rose from the seventeen thousand singers.

Here was color and sound and motion—but there was a something else, a something which compelled fear and awe. I have seen a score of the great processions of Petrograd and Moscow, peace and victory and protest and memorial parades, military and civilian. They were all vast and impressive because the Russians have a genius for this kind of thing.

But this was different.

From these defenseless poor, stripped of their arms, and with sorrowing songs bearing off their dead, there came a threat more menacing than that which frowned from the twelve-inch guns of the Allied Fleet, riding in the harbor below. It was impossible not to feel it. It was so simple, so spontaneous and so elemental. It came straight out of the heart of the people. It was the people, leaderless, isolated, beaten to earth, thrown upon its own resources and yet out of its grief rising magnificently to take command of itself.

The dissolution of the Soviet, instead of plunging the people into inactive grief and dissipating their forces, begot a strange, unifying spirit. Seventeen thousand separate souls were welded into one. Seventeen thousand people, singing in unison found themselves thinking in unison. With a common mass will and mass consciousness, they formulated their decisions from their class standpoint—the determined standpoint of the revolutionary proletariat.

The Czecho-Slovaks came, offering a guard of honor. "*Ne noozhna!*" (It is not necessary!) they replied. "You killed our comrades. Forty to one you fought against them. They died for the Soviet and we are proud of them. We thank you but we cannot let the guns which shot them down guard them in their death!"

"But there may be danger for you in this city," said the authorities.

"Never mind," they answered, "We, too, are not afraid of death. And what better way to die than beside the bodies of our comrades!"

Some bourgeois societies came presenting memorial wreaths. (The Cadets officially denied that these wreaths came from them.)

"*Ne noozhna,* it is not necessary," the people answered. "Our comrades died in a struggle against the bourgeoisie. They died fighting clean. We must keep their memory clean. We thank you but we dare not lay your wreaths upon their coffins."

The procession poured down the Aleutskaiya Hill, filled the large, open space at the bottom, and faced up toward the English Consulate. Nearby was a work-car with a tower for repairing electric wires. Whether it was there by design or accident I do not know. Presently it was to serve as a speaker's rostrum. But there seemed to be no speaker and no programme. There was only a crowd and stillness.

The band played a solemn dirge. The men bared their heads. The women bowed. The music ceased and there was a silence. The band played a second time. Again there was the bowing and baring of heads and again the long silence. And yet there was no speaker. It was like a huge Quaker meeting in the open air. And just as a sermon has no place in Russian public worship so here a speech was not essential to this act of public devotion. But should someone from the people feel the impulse to speak there was the platform awaiting him. It was as if in the pause the people were generating a voice.

At last out of the crowd one came and climbed upon the high platform. He had not the gift of oratory but his frequent iteration, "They died for us," "They died for us," touched others to utterance.

Most eloquent of all was a lad of seventeen, the secretary of a league of young Socialists.

"We were students and artists and such kind of people. We held ourselves aloof from the Soviet," he said. "It seemed to us foolish for workmen to govern without the wisdom of the wise. But now we know that you were right and we were wrong. From now on we shall stand with you. What you do, we will do. We pledge our tongues and pens to make known the wrongs that you have suffered the length and breadth of Russia and throughout the world."

Suddenly the word went through the throng that Constantin Soochanov had been paroled until five o'clock and that he was coming with counsels of peace and moderation. Soochanov was the president of the Soviet, a student twenty-four years of age, son of a high official of the Tsar, and a hero in a revolution that is not given to hero-worship.

While some were affirming his coming and others were denying it, he himself appeared. He was quickly passed along upon the shoulders of the sailors In a storm of

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cheers, he climbed the ladder and came out upon the platform-top, smiling.

Twice his eyes swept across that field of upturned faces, filled with trust and love and hungrily awaiting the words of their young leader. As if to avert the flood of tragedy and pathos that beat suddenly upon him from every side, he turned his head away. His eyes fell for the first time upon the red coffins of the men who had been slain in defense of his Soviet and upon the mothers, wives and children of the men who lay within them. That was too much for him. A shudder passed through his frame, he threw up his hands, staggered and would have fallen headlong into the crowd, but a friend caught him. With both hands pressed to his face, Soochanov, in the arms of his comrades, sobbed like a child. We could see his breath come and go and the tears raining down his cheeks. The Russians are little given to tears. But that day there were seventeen thousand Russians who sobbed with their young leader on the public square of Vladivostok.

But Soochanov knew that many tears were an indulgence and that he had a big and serious task to perform. Fifty feet behind him was the English Consulate and fifty rods before him were the waters of the Golden Horn with the frowning guns of the Allied Fleet. He wrenched himself away from his grief and gathering himself together began his message. With an ever mounting passion of earnestness he spoke, closing with the words which shall henceforth be the rallying-cry for the workers in Vladivostok and the Far East:

"Here before the Red Staff Building where our comrades gruzshchiki were slain, we swear by these red coffins that hold them, by their wives and children that weep for them, by the red banners which float over them, that the Soviet for which they died shall be the thing for which we live—or if need be—like them, die. Henceforth the return of the Soviet shall be the goal of all our sacrifice and devotion. To that end we shall fight with every means. The bayonets have been wrested from our hands but when the day comes and we have no guns we shall fight with sticks and clubs, and when these are gone then with our bare fists and bodies. Now it is for us to fight only with our minds and spirits. Let us make them hard and strong and unyielding. The Soviet is dead. Long live the Soviet!"

The crowd caught up the closing words in a tremendous demonstration, mingled with the strains of the "International."

"Arise ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise ye wretched of the earth,
For Justice thunders condemnation
A better world's in birth——"

The resolution proclaiming the restoration of the Soviet the objective of all the future struggles of the revolutionary proletariat and peasants of the Far East was read. At the call for the vote seventeen thousand hands shot into the air. They were the hands which had built the cars and paved the streets, forged the iron, held the plough and swung the hammer. All kinds of hands they were: the big, rough hands of the old gruzshchiki, the artisans' deft and sinewy, the knotted hands of the peasants, thick with callouses and thousands of the frailer, whiter hands of the workingwomen. By these hands the riches of the Far East had been wrought. They were no different from the scarred, stained hands of labor anywhere in all the world. Except in this regard. For a time they had held the power. The government had been within their grasp. Four days ago it had been wrested from their grasp but the feel of it was still within their hands—these hands raised now in solemn pledge to take that power again. . . .

A sailor striding down from the hilltop, pushed through the crowd and climbed upon the platform. "Comrades! Comrades!" he cried joyously. "We are not alone. We are not alone. I ask you to look away to the flags flying over there on the American battleship. But you cannot see them down there where you stand. But they are there. And with the flags of all the other nations there is the red flag of our Russian Republic. No, comrades, we are not alone today in our grief. The Americans understand and they are with us!"

It was a mistake of course. Those flags had been hung out in celebration of our Day of Independence. But the crowd did not know that. To them it was like the sudden touch of a friend's hand upon a lonely traveller in a foreign land. With enthusiasm they caught up the cry of the sailor: "The Americans are with us!" And the vast conclave, lifting up their coffins, wreaths and banners were once more in motion. They were going to the cemetery but not directly. Tired as they were from long standing in the sun, they made a wide detour to reach the street that runs up the steep hill to the American Consulate. Then straight up the sharp slope they toiled in a cloud of dust, still singing as they marched until they came before the Stars and Stripes floating from the flagstaff. And there they stopped and laid the coffins of their dead beneath the flag of the great western democracy.

They stretched out their hands, crying, "Speak to us a word!" They sent delegates within to implore that word. On the day the great republic of the west celebrated its independence the poor and disinherited of Russia came asking sympathy and understanding in the struggle for their independence. Afterwards, I heard a Bolshevik leader bitterly resentful at this "compromise with revolutionary honor and integrity."

"How stupid of them," he said. "How inane of them! Have we not told them that all countries are alike—all imperialists? Was this not repeated to them over and over again by their leaders?"

Truly it had been. But with this demonstration of the Fourth of July the leaders had little to do. They were in prison. The affair was in the hands of the people themselves. And, however cynical many leaders were about the professions of America, the people were not so. In the hour of their affliction, these simple trusting folk, makers of the new democracy of the east, came stretching forth their hands to the great strong democracy of the west.

They knew that President Wilson had given his assurance of help and loyalty to the "people of Russia." They reasoned: "We the workers and peasants, the vast majority here in Vladivostok, are we not the people? Today in our trouble we come to claim the promised help. Our enemies have taken away our Soviet. They have killed our comrades. We are alone and in distress and you alone of all the nations of the earth can understand." No finer tribute could they offer than thus to come bringing their dead with the faith that out of America would come compassion and understanding. America, their only friend and refuge.

But America did not understand. The American people did not even hear about it. But these Russian folk did not know that the American people never heard about it. All they know is that a few weeks after that appeal came the landing of the American troops.

And now they say to one another: "How stupid we were to stand there in the heat and the dust stretching out our hands like beggars!"

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS.

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The Railroad Administration to Date

THE United States Railroad Administration is making a few economies. Sixteen and a half million dollars will be saved this year through the closing of unnecessary freight and passenger offices; seven millions will be saved on advertising; almost five millions on the salaries of officers; a million and a half on legal expenses; perhaps another million (or more) through the Railroad Administration becoming its own insurer. From these resources there will be a net gain of some thirty million dollars.

It is a paltry sum, representing less than 1/6 of 1 per cent of our total railway capital. It will go only a short way towards meeting the five hundred millions of new expenditures for increased wages of railway employees. This thirty millions a year is significant, not because it proves that the Railroad Administration has a frugal mind, but because this saving arises out of the newly created unity of the railroad system and, as such, is merely a first small effect of a vast change.

We have not yet grasped all the implications of this unity. Until December 26, 1917, the railroads lived under a regime of *forced dissociation*. There were 2,905 separate companies (of which 185 operated major systems) and none of these might fully cooperate with other companies. Each took care of itself, got all the traffic it could, advertised, pulled wires, competed. The system was an ordained and highly organized chaos. It is out of a change in this system that these first small economies are coming. They arise, not because the present managers of the railroads are wiser than were the managers a year ago (they do not pretend to be) but simply because the new managers are dealing not with hundreds of units but with one unit, the American railroad system.

Given this unity, savings are a matter of course. A year ago the Erie Railroad was paying high salaries to employees whose sole task was to urge you to travel by the Erie or ship freight by the Erie instead of by the Pennsylvania or the New York Central. The companies engaged intelligent and capable men to take business away from each other. Competitive advertising was on the same plane; Phoebe Snow insisted on your travelling by one line instead of another. Time-tables also were competitive, wasteful and aggressive. Each railroad wished to run its own passenger trains at the best hours with the result that all were run at the same hour. Two twenty-hour trains left Chicago at the same hour and arrived in New York at the same hour. Between Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City, there were in each case from three to five trains running at the same hour and, therefore, running half-full or almost empty.

As the public did not need all these trains, the Railroad Administration telescoped them. It made one train run where three ran before; it ran as many full trains as the traffic warranted—and no more. It also consolidated certain passenger stations—allowing, for example, travellers on the Baltimore and Ohio to use the Pennsylvania Terminal at New York. The Railroad Administration thus eased the transition from a system of competing empty trains to one of consolidated full trains.

It is revolutionary and yet it is only common sense. It is merely doing what the railroads themselves might have done had they been allowed to pool their interests and form a single operating unit.

Critics of the Railroad Administration have raised the cry that the trains do not run quite as many miles as they did a year ago. These critics seem to impute to the railroads a sort of locomotor ataxia as an immediate result of government management. It would be a fair enough criticism if the experience upon which it was based was not too narrow. Actually, the train mileage on American railroads was only 3.1 per cent less during the five months, January to May, 1918, than during the same period in 1917. As the trains ran 2.7 per cent heavier, the actual diminution in traffic (in revenue ton mileage) was practically nil, amounting to only six-tenths of one per cent. Moreover, even this diminution is only temporary. In due course, the train mileage will increase, whether under private or government management, as it has always increased in the past.

But even if the train mileage had really decreased, what difference would that make? Statisticians often speak of train mileage as though it were an absolute good, as though the trains should race day and night over the endless tracks like a bicycle rider in a six-days' tournament. But what is really wanted is not mileage but necessary transportation. If we can effect the same result by hauling a train a hundred miles instead of a hundred and fifty, let us by all means save the extra fifty miles.

There is opportunity for such saving. A few years ago freight trains took impossibly long journeys for incredible reasons. Each railroad wished to haul each shipment as many miles as possible in order to earn a larger share of the freight rate. Today these long routes are being shortened. The route now used from Los Angeles to Dallas and Fort Worth is more than 500 miles shorter than was a route formerly much used. Another route has been shortened 880 miles, another 201, another 110, another 289 miles. All this shortening reduces train mileage (and even ton mileage) but the same traffic result is attained with less hauling. The Railroad Administration, in other words, is doing *more work with less effort,* is running fewer unnecessary and more necessary miles, just as it is filling train space more economically, increasing loads, reducing wear and tear and lessening waste. It is doing these things because they are obviously sensible and because special interests of individual railroads no longer work against the general railroad interest and *against the general interest of the nation.*

Having no competitors and possessing the advantage of unity, the Railroad Administration can do things which the individual railroads would never have dared attempt. Formerly cars were held out of use by influential shippers who wished to save warehouse expenses, and the railroads did not protest; today the Railroad Administration simply empties the cars and (economically) delivers the goods. Because it is one great business and only one, the Railroad Administration will also be able to effect immense savings both in the manufacture and in the repair of rolling stock by standardizing locomotives and freight cars. Today there are two thousand kinds of freight cars; tomorrow there will be only a dozen or two dozen, with interchangeable parts.

An even greater economy is being sought by making ex-

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penditures for all railway betterments on the theory that these various lines constitute one railroad. Formerly each system expended its capital in its own sole interest, and much investment was a mere competitive expenditure intended to injure a rival line. On February 2, 1918, the Railroad Administration in requesting lines under federal control to present budgets, suggested that all expenditures should be in the interest of the whole railroad system. "Projects," said the Director-General, "which might be regarded as highly meritorious and necessary when viewed from the separate standpoint of a particular company may not be equally meritorious or necessary under existing conditions, when the government has possession and control of the railroads generally, and therefore when the facilities heretofore subject to the exclusive control of the separate companies are now available for common use . . . ."

A final advantage of unified control has proved to be the ability to concentrate unlimited resources on a limited task. To get a hundred railroad companies to agree upon a policy, by which some will gain and others lose, is difficult if not impossible; to gain the adhesion of a single Railroad Administration takes no longer than to convince one man.

In January, 1918, the coal situation became critical and because of bad weather the railroads hauled 79,000 carloads of coal less than in January, 1917. Immediately, the whole resources of the railroads were mobilized. In February, despite continued bad weather, 31,000 more cars were hauled than in the year before and each month thereafter the railroads increased their lead, until by the end of July they had transported 22,000,000 tons more than during the same period last year. The whole railroad system had worked as a unit. Similarly in the immense transport of troops, ore and lumber the unified railroads revealed the vastness of the power concealed in the American transportation system, incomparably the greatest industrial entity in the world.

How vast that power is we are unable to grasp despite deafening statistics simply because it is impossible to envisage so tremendous a thing. We glibly talk of four hundred thousand miles of track, of one million seven hundred thousand employees, of two million four hundred thousand freight cars, of twenty billions of capital, of tens of billions of passenger-miles, of hundreds of billions of ton-miles; the result is mere incomprehension. Yet here is a single illuminating and comprehensible exploit of our railroad system. In June of this year over two hundred and fifty thousand freight cars were hauled past the station at Columbia, Pa. Every hour, morning, afternoon, evening, night, over three hundred and fifty cars, a car every ten seconds, day and night, throughout the month, and probably, month after month. In that one month of June, past that one station two thousand miles of solid freight trains were hauled. Year by year new records are made for loading coal, for unloading coal, for transporting ore, steel, lumber; and despite the boundless wastes and inefficiencies of the old system, the gigantic, restless railroad organization of the United States accomplishes yearly new and amazing tasks. What will it not accomplish under unity, with intelligence and patriotism at the helm, with no sundering special interests and with the whole vast elastic system working to a single end!

All this, however, is for the future; the transition to a successful unified control cannot be expected to effect itself in a few months. In the meanwhile there will be criticism, fair and unfair. In the next months we shall hear much of the drawbacks and failures of government management. It will be urged that the Railroad Administration has enormously increased expenditures; that the service is bad and fares and freight rates are high. If during the winter the system partially breaks down because of bad weather, defective rolling stock and a confronting task greater than any the railroads have yet been called upon to face, the sentiment against an indefinite continuance of government management will be reinforced. In defense of the Railroad Administration, it will be claimed that increased rates and deficits are due to higher costs of materials and to necessary increases in wages while the poorer service is due to a war which is no respecter of passengers or shippers. Given the war, the railroad service would have been no better under private management, if as good.

It is too early today, and it may be too early this winter, to make out a clear case either for or against a permanent government management of American railroads. What seems already obvious, however, is that the newly created unity of the railroad system must be preserved in one form or another. We cannot return to the era of forced dissociation. The railroads have been forbidden to pool and been ordered to compete, but they cannot compete and they must pool. But to permit the railroads to pool, to allow the formation of one gigantic private twenty thousand million dollar unit, with all that its financial control would involve——

The present liaison between the government and the railroads has been likened to a trial marriage, a marriage with a time fuse. The affectionate couple are to be automatically put asunder on the last day of the twenty-first month after the declaration of peace. So says the law. But a law, however explicit, may be changed if it does not meet conditions and fulfill expectations. Today it seems probable that the *law* will be changed unless one of two things happens: either that the railroad companies propose a method of private management which will preserve the advantages of unity and yet forestall the danger of a gigantic and uncontrollable monopoly; or else that the Railroad Administration breaks down utterly under conditions which would condemn government management permanently.

The second alternative is unlikely. The trial marriage has as yet developed no violent antipathies or invincible incompatibilities. The marital record has been good. There have been excellent intentions, adequate foresight, intelligence and honesty. Above all the record has been only one of good beginnings.

Reviewing this brief history, there appears no conclusive reason why a continuance of government management for a period longer than that contemplated by the law should be considered improbable.

WALTER WEYL.

Dreams

Men die:
Dreams only change their houses . . .
They cannot be lined up against a wall
And quietly buried under ground
And no more heard of . . .

However deep the pit and heaped the clay—
Like seedlings of old time,
Hooding a sacred rose
Under the ice cap of the world—
They will to light.

LOLA RIDGE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

In Justice to France

SIR: In your issue of September 8th was published an article entitled In Justice to France, which has been read and discussed with interest in the financial community. An outlander is scarcely warranted in undertaking to say what would be the attitude of the French people on a proposal of any of her Allies to assume any portion of her financial burden arising from this war. Certainly the French people have shown a high courage sufficient to face and surmount all difficulties. The reduction of war debts of all the Allied nations will proceed after the termination of hostilities as rapidly as circumstances will allow, and France, with her time-honored reputation as the world's savings bank, will hardly be the exception.

To judge the ability of France to discharge her debts, a survey of her resources is in order. Careful estimates give the total area of France, with her colonies, as 5,036,000 square miles, with a population of 95,000,000 people. This does not include the rich country of Alsace-Lorraine, whose restoration to France is one of the purposes to which the government of the United States is committed. The wealth of France was estimated in 1869 at about 185 milliards of francs, in 1878 at 216 milliards, and in 1914, before the outbreak of the war, at 287 milliards of francs. French pre-war investments abroad were about 50 milliards of francs and were steadily increasing at the rate of about 1½ milliards of francs per annum. Her income, according to competent authorities, rose successively from 12 milliards of francs in 1853 to 22 milliards in 1878, to 28 milliards in 1903, and to 32 milliards in 1914. The public debt of France at the close of 1913 was 32,888,000,000 francs, practically all represented by securities which were owned and held in France. During the war period to date French war loans have been issued to the amount of 107½ milliards of francs, and France has loaned to her Allies more than 7 milliards of francs. The savings bank figures show almost 40 per cent of the total population of France proper to be savings bank depositors, regularly producing more than they spend, and favoring their own government bonds above all other securities for the investment of their savings. No other nation can equal these figures; compare the 40 per cent of France with only 11 per cent of our own people who were savings bank depositors in 1915.

Credit in the last analysis is public confidence in the ability of a debtor to discharge his obligations when they become due. An accurate gauge of the most competent American opinion on the credit of France can be formed by tracing the movements of French securities on the New York Stock Exchange, where they enjoy a free market without any artificial protection. To arrive at a fair comparison with our own securities, it should be remembered that foreign securities are without any tax exemption in this country, whereas most of our domestic securities are wholly or partially tax exempt, or have some portion of their taxes paid at the source. Anglo-French 5 per cent bonds were offered to the American public in 1915 at 98. They have had an active market on the New York Stock Exchange, showing variations from the low price of 81⅞ in December, 1917, when the cause of the Allies looked darkest, to the present price of about 95 at the time of our own Fourth Liberty Loan. The City of Paris 6 per cent bonds were offered at 97 in October, 1916, and have sold on the New York Stock Exchange at the low price of 73½, in December, 1917, when Paris was under direct bombardment of German guns, to the present price of about 97½. The French Three Cities 6 per cent bonds of Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles were offered at 96 in April, 1917, and have ranged from low, about 74 in December, 1917, to the present price of about 99. These prices certainly indicate the belief of the intelligent American investor that the credit of France is not approaching the point of exhaustion. All of these issues are simply promises to pay in United States gold coin, secured only by the credit of the signatory.

It is not clear that assumption by the United States of any portion of the war-debt of France, even if France would consent to such an arrangement, is at all essential to her complete rehabilitation. As a concrete example of the remarkable power of financial recovery in the French people as a nation, call to memory the miraculous clearance of the huge war indemnity levied by Bismarck as a result of the war of 1870, which was calculated to cripple the finances of France, but which was not only paid in full but paid more than a year before the stipulated time. An eminent authority has well said, "To sustain the credit of their nation is almost a religion with the French people. It is, therefore, with no sense of discouragement that those who know France best look to her future."

For figures used in this article, I am indebted to official publications of the French High Commission to the United States; to The National City Bank and The Guaranty Trust Company of New York; and to articles published by Sir George Paish in the London Statist.

A. D. CONVERSE.

New York City.

Loud Cheers

SIR: Did you hear my loud cheers after I had read your article, The Issue and Our Critics, in the October 19th issue of the New Republic? When I came to the point where you say, "It is not arguable . . . that those who feel the danger should be silent about it, or fail to testify to the faith that is in them," I let out a shout that I was sure would reach New York. But in case it did not, or in case you heard a loud noise but could not distinguish the words, I am writing now to say that you have at least one reader who would dearly like to "write and talk along the lines of the New Republic" and who would then think he was both "constructive" and "an idealist."

An echo from the remote, incredible past sounds to me like "Anything to beat Wilson." Do you recollect any such slogan? If you do, do you think it at all explains the little faith some progressives have in progress? As for the President, I rarely think of him but I am reminded of Kipling's verses, "If ——."

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you," etc.

CANADIAN.

Ottawa, Canada.

We Are too Pro-Ally

SIR: In your issue of August 3rd, page 3, you advocate turning over to England a large portion of our new ships so that we may make England again supreme on the sea after the war. And on September 7th, page 153, you say: "We shall enact a measure wiping out the French debt, so far as it is owing to us."

Don't you find it very easy to be generous with other people's money?

H. E. FERRIN.

Kearney Park, California.

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New Plays for Old

IN the flux of the last quarter century—which has melted and reshaped more refractory things than the most popular and responsive of arts—the Anglo-Saxon world has recognized only one indication of a new dramaturgy. It is the Shavian comedy of dramatized ideas, which reached its perfection in the unity of Getting Married and which seems likely to leave as few traces as the Commedia dell' Arte. Intent on this, western Europe and America have passed by another and a far more promising new scheme of play-making. Perhaps, like industrial democracy, it should not have come from Russia. At any rate, we failed to mark it in a failure of a year ago, and we may not recognize it in a success of today. Yet in curious little Nju, produced by Joseph Urban and Richard Ordynski at the Bandbox Theatre in March, 1917, and in Redemption, the Hopkins-Jones-Barrymore version of Tolstoi's Living Corpse, have we not had something wholly fresh, wholly a departure, both in form of play and form of production?

Nju was a vastly popular Russian play wherein Ossip Dymow told the story of Galsworthy's Fugitive—and something more—in ten short scenes. Each showed some episode in the physical and spiritual progress of a fragile young wife from a comfortable, ordinary, well kept home to suicide in a furnished room. It closed the record of a vague, ineffectual search for life with the ironical devotions of husband and lover at the funeral.

Redemption, in the original, gave thirteen scenes to the story of a husband—too weak and too honest—who tried to kill himself that his wife might marry another, pretended suicide, sank mired in filth, and finally shot himself when exposure threatened to convict the wife of bigamy, and to send her to Siberia, chained to a loathsome "living corpse." Three of the thirteen scenes have fallen by the wayside; but the remaining ten still give us innumerable approaches to a complexity of life that goes beyond the bizarre conception of a living corpse.

Obviously, the method of Tolstoi and Dymow is a method of impressionism. It may have been a natural enough evolution from the rambling story-telling of Russian historical drama. But it is an evolution from the combining of a great many awkward episodes in the handiest way possible to the selection of only the interesting and the necessary incidents of plot and character. Out of this impression and that impression of spiritual as well as physical states, the playwright makes a picture which leaves a general impression of life itself.

Such a purpose can be accomplished to a certain extent in the normal three- and four-act form. Chekhov has done it, at the loss of values which we have come to expect and to the hampering of his own purposes. Just as with impressionism in painting, there seems to be a natural and inherent technique. But quite apart from the ease of the Tolstoi method, there is, of course, the emotional test. What is the gain in a loose set of ten scenes over the taut, driving structure that Ibsen perfected?

This new technique gets rid of something both good and bad—the scaffolding within which the modern realistic play has been built. By the use of the new technique, the playwright can tell his story in its most natural form. The realistic dramatist, on the contrary, must twist it into a new contour to fit the confines of three or four rooms and as many periods of time. He must add unessential characters and complications and eliminate essential ones. When you sit before a modern play you are so frequently conscious of the manoeuvring of players and plot merely to get them before you. Your mind's eye sees the playwright in a false beard lurking in passages and alleys to serve art's subpœna on some diffident witness to the truths of life. Of course, if the trial proves exciting enough you forget all that.

It is not to be denied that in the very intricacy of art, in the skill of the manoeuvres, and in the success of the playwright in concealing his success, there is fine pleasure. But though your Tolstoi play loses this, the delight in the bravura of technique, consider the gain in significance. It is not alone that the meaning of episode and character is free from the clutter of the extra detail which merely aims at getting the story on to the stage. By the elimination of such contrivings, time is saved for significant and essential matters. More than that, by the gathering of a dozen scenes, the playwright is able to put before us significant places and people which we should otherwise miss or see only in some distorted way.

A number of critics of Redemption have recognized this new dramatic form sufficiently to remark that through it the playwright loses the necessary preparation for emotion and a certain fullness of character development. The easiest answer would be Shakespeare. But it is worth while adding that the growth in effectiveness, worth—and popularity—of the one-act play has its significance here.

The growth of the new stagecraft has its significance, too—a very great significance. For this new sort of play calls for a new sort of production, a heightened, impressionistic treatment. Both Nju and Redemption achieved it in setting and lighting, but only Redemption in the acting. And even in the case of Redemption few parts outside of John Barrymore's have that flavor of the essential which all should have. Perhaps this is captious criticism of the most significant and forward-looking production America has yet made. It rises from the importance of the play, the beauty of Robert Jones's settings, and the extraordinary acting of Mr. Barrymore. Beside his bizarre and wringing impersonation—to the last inch a pictorial presentation even more than a vocal one—too many of the supporting company seem deadly commonplace and ineffective.

Far otherwise Mr. Jones's settings and his and Mr. Hopkins's lights. They make picture after picture full of the same stark significance as the play. There is not a thing of realism in them, no contriving to make the necessary simple atmosphere out of the irrelevancies of real rooms. The lighting is a symbol of this. In all the scenes but one, it comes from no natural source. It is simply there. Its purpose is to make part of a pictorial design which expresses a necessary mood.

The play of the new dispensation clings only to the essentials, only to the significant. It needs a method of production as far from the conventional as it is itself. Nju and Redemption were both fortunate enough to receive it. But it is also necessary to say that this new method of stage scenery and lighting has long stood in even greater need of this kind of play. It stands in need, in fact, of other plays and other kinds of plays, freer and more vivid than Nju or Redemption, both in themes and in dialogue. Somehow in the common advent of the new stage art and this indication of a new dramatic form, there lurks a portent of a theatre as distinguished—and as different—as any of the three which we have been content to lump under that one word—the Greek, the Elizabethan and the Ibsenic.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

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The Problem of Alsace-Lorraine

Alsace-Lorraine, by Coleman Phillipson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8.00.

BEFORE the war it was vehemently denied in Germany that anything of the nature of an Alsace-Lorraine problem existed. The fate of the provinces had been settled by the Franco-Prussian war and sealed by the Treaty of Frankfort. German they were and German they should remain to the end of time. On the Allied side today there is in many quarters an equally determined refusal to regard Alsace-Lorraine as a problem. Their fate has been settled by German collapse. They are to be French to the end of time. In either case the solution runs in terms of force. The Germans seized the provinces by right of superior force and expected to hold them by that right. By superior force France and her Allies are able to recover the provinces today; and it is a common thing to rejoice in this very fact that force in the end is overthrown by force.

It is not for the worshippers of force that Mr. Phillipson has written his book. What he is occupied with is the problem of subordinating might to right. Might did not justify Germany in seizing and holding Alsace-Lorraine. Might will not justify France in recovering her former provinces. The procedure of recovery should therefore not be a mere reversal of the German procedure, but something altogether different in kind.

Immediately the objection will be raised, the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine cannot be the same in kind as its original seizure. The recovery of stolen goods, though achieved by force, is not an act similar in kind to the original theft. But this is to extend the narrow categories of the civil law into the international sphere, and to make goods out of living peoples. And was that not, after all, the root of Germany's original crime? Alsace-Lorraine was not loot. It was a people whose inalienable rights to self-determination were violated. The crime of Germany was directed, then, not primarily against France, but against the people of Alsace-Lorraine. And that this was clearly recognized at the time is demonstrated by the eloquent protest of the Alsace-Lorraine delegates against the act of cession. Neither Germany nor France had the right to transfer the provinces to Germany.

To be sure, Germany endeavored after the fact to give color of right to her act of aggression. Before the time of Louis XIV Alsace was regarded as German soil. Most of the population of Alsace-Lorraine spoke a German dialect. History and ethnology, therefore, justified the annexation in the eyes of those who required another justification than force. There were also sound strategic reasons. Germany, it was alleged, could never feel safe with the French artillery in Strassburg. Economic reasons could also be pressed into the service of the German sophists. The German industries needed the iron of Alsace-Lorraine. In the Briey district France retained more iron than she was likely to use. Most of these arguments can now be reversed to justify a forcible French solution. If a majority of the people of Alsace-Lorraine—a majority even of the original stock—speak a German dialect, it must be borne in mind that language is, after all, only one of the elements in culture, and probably not the most important element. There is fair ground for arguing that the culture of Alsace-Lorraine, taken as a whole, is French rather than German. If the provinces were under some loose form of German sovereignty in the Middle Ages and in early modern times, they were under France for the two hundred dynamic years prior to 1870. The strategic arguments are as good for France as for Germany, and the economic argument can be turned to French account, if necessary. Neither, as Mr. Phillipson points out, would hold if we are to enter upon a new era of peace in which nations cooperate as members of a common brotherhood.

There is no international right that transcends the right of peoples to live under such governments as they choose. This fundamental right Germany violated in the first instance by seizing the provinces. She continued in her violation of it by so conducting her policy as to keep alive in Alsace-Lorraine the sentiment of an unwilling captive. If at the present day Alsace-Lorraine really felt herself an integral part of the German Empire, we could hardly escape the conclusion that time had liquidated the ancient wrong of her seizure, as time has liquidated the wrong America inflicted upon the Mexican majority in seizing the Southwest, and as time is condoning the British conquest of the Boer republic. But Germany did not succeed in reconciling the Alsace-Lorrainers. As the Zabern incident proved to the world, Germany as late as 1913 regarded Alsace-Lorraine as enemy country. And the Alsace-Lorrainers reciprocated the sentiment of separatism.

Does this mean that Alsace-Lorraine continued down to the war to long for reincorporation in France? Many of the people of Alsace-Lorraine did. But there is abundant evidence that in the last twenty-five years a sentiment of Alsace-Lorraine nationalism, distinct from either German or French, was gaining ground. That sentiment was directed either toward independence, as a neutralized state, or toward autonomy within the German empire, either as an intermediate stage on the way to complete independence or as an ultimate solution. Mr. Phillipson believes that autonomy within the empire would have satisfied most of the people of Alsace-Lorraine, before the outbreak of the present war. We are free to share in this belief or not: there will never be any possibility of putting it to the test. It would be possible to test the present sentiment of the provinces, but we should arrive at very different results, after four years in which Alsace-Lorraine has seen her leaders subjected to imprisonment or exile, has endured martial law, has suffered under special treatment of her levies. Mr. Phillipson's book must have been prepared before the war had exerted its most serious effects. At the present day he would hardly maintain that there is the least likelihood that Alsace-Lorraine, if free to determine her own destiny, would elect to remain within the German empire.

But from the point of view of a new era of peace, it is not so important what Alsace-Lorraine might elect to do as that she should have the freedom of election. Alsace-Lorraine is not the same as she was when against her will she was forced to accept German domination. Only inert chattels remain the same through a period of years. Therefore it is of the utmost importance that the Powers upon whose decision the future of Alsace-Lorraine must rest should make sure that they know the will of Alsace-Lorraine. They have no right simply to assume it. And this points to the desirability of a plebiscite.

Mr. Phillipson recognizes that there is a powerful body of opinion in France opposed to a plebiscite, on principle. The war abrogated the Treaty of Frankfort: therefore Alsace-Lorraine became automatically French: why a plebiscite to determine an existing state of affairs that cannot be called into question? However excellent the sentiment underlying this view, it is, in the opinion of Mr. Phillipson, quite without warrant of law. Alsace-Lorraine remains German in law until it is retroceded by treaty.

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And this is a view that one will be forced to accede to unless he is willing to concede that a state of war disturbs all titles established by earlier war—such, for example, as the American title to Texas and California.

But could a plebiscite be organized in such a fashion as to exhibit the true will of those who may rightfully claim to be Alsace-Lorrainers? The problem is complicated by the facts of emigration and immigration. After the annexation many of the most loyal inhabitants of the provinces emigrated. They have become assimilated in other lands but their hearts are with their native soil. Shall their voices be excluded? And in the meantime hundreds of thousands of Germans have immigrated into Alsace-Lorraine. Shall these colonists, whose presence in the land is partly a result of conquest, have a voice in determining whether or not the conquered land shall be free? Mr. Phillipson proposes that only the following should be entitled to a vote: (1) Domiciled native males of legal age. (2) Domiciled native unmarried women or widows. (3) Domiciled native male orphans of military age and under legal age. (4) Domiciled naturalized inhabitants of legal age who are neither French nor German. (5) German and French immigrants, men or unmarried women or widows who have established a ten years' domicile. (6) Alsace-Lorraine emigrants who have emigrated within the last ten years. Such a scheme, while not altogether excluding the influence of the German immigrants, would make it a decisively minor influence. The great majority of the inhabitants, it must be borne in mind, are of the original Alsace-Lorraine stock. Out of the total population of 2,100,000 only 300,000 are immigrants.

There is no doubt that Mr. Phillipson's plan could be improved upon, but this consideration does not affect the principle involved. Alsace-Lorraine has a will that ought to be respected. It makes a vast deal of difference whether she returns to France by her own will, as she doubtless would, or by simple act of superior force. The difference is one whose significance will be clearer if we give due weight to the economic as well as to the legal factors involved. Alsace-Lorraine has enjoyed material prosperity under German rule. That was not compensation for oppression, but neither was it a negligible fact to a highly practical people, as the Alsace-Lorrainers naturally are. Now, can the provinces look forward to equal prosperity under French dominion? Hardly, at the outset at least.

Eighty per cent of the trade of Alsace-Lorraine is with Germany. The great Lorraine iron industry lives by its union with German coal. The textile industries of Alsace are bound up with the German markets, and the fruit and wine culture of the provinces must look to the east for consumers. If we could be sure that an era of economic liberalism would follow the war, so that the currents of trade and industry could follow their old channels until better channels might be found, all this would matter little. But economic liberalism has never in history sprung from war. Reannexation of Alsace-Lorraine to France will almost certainly mean an abrupt dislocation of the economic life of the provinces.

That is the price of something much more important than material prosperity. But it is desirable that those who must pay the price of higher goods should feel that the choice was made by them, not for them, even by the truest of friends.

Everybody desires that Alsace-Lorraine should be free, and, being free, should elect to return to France. By war the freedom of Alsace-Lorraine from Germany has been won. Only by an exhibition of signal magnanimity on the part of France can the return of Alsace-Lorraine to her old position be self-determined. A. J.

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The Scarlett Woman

The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.60.

FOR a long time the best novelists have written novels of motive. They haven't aimed to tell a story and left it at that. They have sought, practically all of them, to act omnisciently about their children, to give the how and the why of everything. The object hasn't been moral so much as psychological.

Out of this tendency Mr. Compton Mackenzie comes to narrate the early life and adventures of a vivid creature named Sylvia Scarlett. She is not such a creature as the disengaged James Stephens might dance away with. She belongs to the very same world from which the realists cut their slices of life. The difference is the difference between a penal institution and a free lunch. Mr. Mackenzie feels no dietetical responsibility. He carves his slice in the spirit of sheer hospitality, the reader may take it or leave it. The fact that it is common stuff, the stuff of our own generation, marks all the more firmly Mr. Mackenzie's disavowal of motive. He is not arguing with his reader, he is telling him, and what he is telling is a story without a touch of didacticism or propaganda or edification.

So little is Mr. Mackenzie interested in edification or didacticism that he employs every method of slapstick and burnt-cork art to amuse and excite his reader. Not only does he speed his narrative by carrying Sylvia up and down the economic scale and in and out of sex adventure, not only does he swing her from France to England and Eng-

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land to France and France to Brazil and Brazil to Spain and Spain to New York, he also turns her from girl's clothes to boy's and back again and sets her in every situation known to farce and burlesque and vaudeville, with her fat companion falling off a camel or her enemy tumbled into a tub or her swain deluged by a jug of water or her admirer shooting up a tough resort in Buenos Aires. Little that can be found in the more energetic movie dramas is lacking in the robustious episodes of Sylvia Scarlett. When nothing else is supplying action, bugs and cockroaches enliven the unfortunate hours of the much-travelled heroine. But the principal bug in Mr. Mackenzie's insect-lore is the love-bug. When Monkley is nipped by it he attacks Sylvia, but she bites through his under-lip until her teeth meet. Danny Lewis is the next man to attack her, this time with a knife, but she saves herself by sousing him with a water-bottle. Her father loses his heart to a peroxide girl called Mabel. Mabel deserts him for "a pretentious sort of man with a diamond ring and yellow cummerbund," and father kills his self. Michael Fane is jilted by a "tart" called Lily and becomes a kind of monk. Sylvia's own husband is punished for his tediousness by her proud desertion. He is never seen after page 210. The insect that infects the croupier Camacho is like one of those red-hot Brazilian specimens that loved to nip Colonel Roosevelt through his cowhide leggins. Camacho goes completely mad over Lily. He embosses her with jewelry. He is so jealous that Sylvia practically flings Lily into his marital arms. "'I can't be married in my dressing-gown,' Lily protested. Sylvia felt inclined to say it was the most suitable garment, except a nightgown," but a church ceremony does take place. Only one more homicide is pulled off in the latter part of the book, when Jenny Pearl's husband shoots Jenny. But there is a shocking desertion; and the last that is seen of Sylvia is her flight to the Continent for fear that the febrile microbe may overtake her again.

It is in the manner of Sumurun that Mr. Mackenzie spills blood and tears. His humor leads him to take the England of The Mummer's Wife, that England of bondage and vagabondage which George Moore saw so seriously. To George Moore the wages of sin was death. To Mr. Mackenzie it is copy, extremely lively copy, and he gives his Sylvia a resilience that not all the hardship and squalor and hand-to-mouth adventure of cadging and cheating can depress or even daunt. It is by no means in the style of Susan Lenox that Sylvia sells her charms. "I represent the original conception of Hetaera, a companion," she declares, "I don't want to be made love to, and every man who makes love to me I dislike. If I ever do fall in love, I'll be a man's slave. Of that I'm sure. So don't utter dark warnings, for I've warned myself already. I do want a certain number of things—nice dresses, because I owe them to myself, good books, and—well, really, I think that's all. In return for the dresses and the books—I suppose one ought to add an occasional fiver just to show there's no ill feeling about preferring to sleep in my own room—in return for very little, I'm ready to talk, walk, laugh, sing, dance, tell incomparably bawdy stories, and, what is after all the most valuable return of all, I'm ready to sit perfectly still and let myself be bored to death while giving him an idea that I'm listening intelligently. Of course, sometimes I do listen intelligently without being bored. In that case I let him off with the books only." The literary specialization accounts for Sylvia's verbal style. Even at eighteen it is swift and pointed. But she is not a blue-stocking. "'You're quite right, Olive, whatever our different tastes in men, clothes, and behavior, we all must have champagne. Champagne is a bloody sight thicker than water, as the prodigal said when his father uncorked a magnum to wash down the fatted calf.'"

If this snatch of talk seems unaffected, it is perfectly typical of Sylvia's patter in her own circle. Toward the end, when she returns to London as an artiste, Mr. Mackenzie offers a shining example of her style. She seeks out Ronald Walker, a painter.

"Sylvia had scarcely time to look around her in the swirl of gilt and smoke and chatter before Ronald Walker himself, wearing now a long pale beard, greeted her.

"'My dear Ronald, what's the matter? Are you tired of women? You look more like a grate than a great man,' Sylvia exclaimed. 'Cut it off and give it to your landlady to stuff her fireplace this summer.'

"'What shall we drink?' he asked, imperturbably.

"'I've been absinthe for so long that really——'

"'It's a vermouth point,' added Ronald.

"'Ronnie, you devil, I can't go on, it's too whisky. Well, of course after that we ought both to drink port and brandy. Don't you find it difficult to clean your beard?'

"'I'm not a messy feeder,' said Ronnie.

"'You don't paint with it, then?'

"'Only Cubist pictures.'"

Is it refined wit? It is not. But there are passages in the surcharged life of Sylvia that compensate heavily for Mr. Mackenzie's crassness. Without the beauty of Sumurun he does suggest an intoxicating freedom and levity, and the courage and verve of certain episodes are in the best mood of fictional adventure. Sylvia in Spain, Sylvia in Morocco, especially Sylvia with the bravo Morera in the toughest dancing-saloon in Buenos Aires, is full of something besides words. She is diamond-hard. She is clean and clear. She has the gem-like flame. Even in her tenderness for Arthur she is bearable, though Mr. Mackenzie is a little maudlin about her. He leaves out the reverse side of her romantic pattern. He goes the limit.

The man who calls American robins "beefy" has a happy art at his command. This art alone would make Sylvia Scarlett readable, even if incident did not crowd on incident or if love-stories refused to tread on each other's heels. It is only when one goes beyond the clever and brisk and spicy, and asks for spiritual double entry, that the art of Sylvia Scarlett seems too archaic. It has a fine air of nonchalance, but it is the nonchalance of the eupeptic. The book does not improve on the picaresque, it brings it up to date. Bringing it up to date, however, has a saucy novelty of its own. Mr. Mackenzie has allowed nothing to impede him, no petticoat of delicacy or propriety. He has ripped out the ordinary untrammelled talk of his age and time, and taken easy morals and easy puns for granted. The easy puns, unfortunately, exhibit his cheapness. Nothing impedes him, not even the difficulty of being first-hand.

F. H.

Chinese Days

My Chinese Days, by Guilielma F. Alsop. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

PERHAPS the most marked element in this book is its vividness. The writer is quite evidently not a pedant or a scholar. She is a responsive woman with a strong fictional sense and a great zest for experience. It is quite clear that she licked up her impressions of China and the

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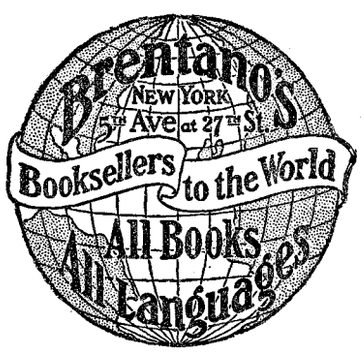

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Chinese people with inexhaustible eagerness, and the success of her book is the spirit with which she reproduces those impressions as scenes in a personal drama.

The Edward who makes his appearance early in the story as a romantic foil to Doctor Wilhelmina is scarcely likely to become known as one of the great lovers of history. He is a stock figure who always turns up at the right moment, always smiles wise smiles at the little Doctor, convinces her that "love is the great adventure," and generally behaves like the leading young man. But, with the exception of this innocuous coloring matter, the narrative is clearly natural. It takes the Shanghai of 1911 as its background and portrays the China that opens out to a young medical missionary, an American girl to whom the world as well as the East is new. By simple rearrangement much good material collected from acquaintances and colleagues is put into the form of a narrative, and the great point of the narrative is Doctor Wilhelmina's sympathetic initiation into the amazing drama of native Chinese life.

Some may be most interested in the tales of passionate love that throng the book—the story of wives disgraced because they could not bear a male child, the story of a mandarin's bride who asks for death when her flight is detected, the story of a Chinese girl at the mission who breaks every rule to gain her sweetheart, the story of another girl destroyed by a terrible mother-in-law steeped in tradition. But while these adventures are extremely novel in detail and spirited and exciting in their action, a greater depth is perhaps to be found in the account of the walled city of Soochow or the tale of the brigand's knife. Miss Alsop's powers of description have a superb object in a journey into the blue-black night of that immemorial town, with the fate of the narrator completely in the hands of a native guide. She gives a definite sense of the isolation that befalls an American woman on such an adventure, and yet the wealth of the adventure that can only be won by taking such risks. The familiarities that emerge from Chinese interiors are hardly less strange than their mystery. But Miss Alsop does manage to evoke the personal character of many Chinese men and women—the cruel old parents, the thwarted wives, the agonized young mother, the husband caring nothing for his dynasty if only his most beloved wife does not die. Because the settings are so colorfully drawn, the persons seem easily imaginable in these Chinese fastnesses. They have nothing of the museum butterfly in a glass-case about them. Miss Alsop keeps them glowing and alive.

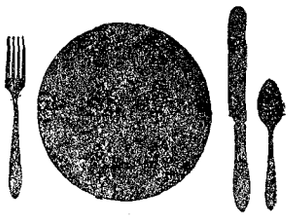
Judging by the mistakes of foreigners who write fiction about America, Miss Alsop is probably not impeccable about China. Her book, nevertheless, is fascinating. It sees a new world with eyes of wonder and the wonder seems justified.

Owing to the scarcity of paper, the Index for Volume XVI, which was completed with the last number, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st street, New York City.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, professor of philosophy at Columbia University. Author of Democracy and Education and other books on education and metaphysics.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS, author of In the Claws of the German Eagle. In Russia, he organized an International Legion, and in the Foreign Office of the Russian Soviet government he helped prepare the propaganda sent into Germany.



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